

CRIMINALS BEWARE! THE HANGMAN IS EVERYWHERE!

HANGMAN

NO. 6

10¢

comics



MLJ

[illegible]

FUN·SPORT·THRILLS·GAMES

For You To Enjoy!



only

full price

286 Pages—Hundreds of Illustrations—Hard Cover!

Here for the first time in ONE-BIG-BOOK, are all the exciting, artistic Activities—Sports—Hobbies—Games—Magic—Art—Puzzles—Acrobatics—Stunts—Craftsmanship—Money-Making Plans, etc., which are part of every energetic, regular fellow!

A WHOLE LIBRARY OF FASCINATING FACTS, FUN & FROLICS

There is no end to the things to do and fun to enjoy with this tremendously interesting, entertaining and informative book! You can learn a Cowboy Roping routine; become a "wiz" at Ping-Pong; learn to draw Funny Cartoons; build your own equipment and furniture for games, your "den" or home; teach your dog tricks; learn scientific Boxing and Wrestling; defend yourself with Jiu Jitsu; develop a "Magic-Shaw" act; learn to "Spot" airplanes; become powerful and develop Mighty Muscles; learn to become a "Ventriloquist"; etc. FUN FOR BOYS gives you a million things to do and enjoy—for indoors and outdoors—winter or summer—alone or with your crowd!

Actually 18 WONDER BOOKS IN ONE! It's the Biggest, Best-Value Book imaginable! 286 THRILL-PACKED PAGES of Description, Ideas, Secrets, Suggestions, Surprises—HUNDREDS of Illustrations, Drawings and Pictures! Never before such an amazing book—never before such a remarkable value!

Send For This Book Under Our MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE! Just mail the coupon—and if you enclose \$1.00 (stamp, money order, check or cash) we will pay the postage. If you prefer C.O.D. it will come plus 20c postage and delivery charges. If not completely satisfied, you can return book and get your money back at once. You risk nothing, so MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

ALL THIS IN ONE!

MARVELOUS BOOK

18 COMPLETE

\$1.00

| | | | | | |
|---|---|--|---|--|---|
| <p>How to Handle A ROPE Like a Cowboy</p> <p>A Complete treatise you'll like with a Lariat!</p> | <p>Playing Winning PIPE-POKE</p> <p>Lessons on ethics, position, terms, and every element for perfection!</p> | <p>How to train YOUR DOG</p> <p>Dogs, their care and training; technique for teaching obedience and tricks.</p> | <p>It's Fun to BUILD THINGS</p> <p>Complete plans and instructions for making many useful articles!</p> | <p>Building Model PLANS</p> <p>Full instructions for building a Glider, Solid Model, and Flying Model!</p> | <p>Spotting Planes</p> <p>Learning to spot planes easily and breezily!</p> |
| <p>Being for Self-Defense</p> <p>A complete course in tactics, blows and strategy to become a champion!</p> | <p>The Science of WRESTLING</p> <p>Write your weight to will do all the holding there hold and technique.</p> | <p>How To Be A Ventriloquist</p> <p>It's easy to learn to "throw your voice" with these simple instructions.</p> | <p>The Science of CARTOONING</p> <p>A Lesson Course on Drawing Cartoons, Art, Illustration & Lettering!</p> | <p>Money-Making Plans</p> <p>101 Plans and Full time money-making plans for every fellow!</p> | <p>Develop Powerful MUSCLES</p> <p>Learning Strong and Healthy plus exercises for developing strength and power!</p> |
| <p>Indoor & Outdoor GAMES</p> <p>A selection of party, humorous and athletic games and sports!</p> | <p>Protect Yourself with JIU JITSU</p> <p>Know no attack, if you'll learn these amazing grips as taught to Marines, Soldiers and G-Men!</p> | <p>Indoor & Outdoor GAMES</p> <p>Teaches a group of Magic tricks to amaze and mystify all!</p> | <p>Recommended Stories & Reading</p> <p>A collection of famous stories and literature!</p> | <p>How To Catch a Dog</p> <p>Learn to catch the dog faster than the eye can follow!</p> | <p>KNICKERBOCKER PUB. CO. Dept. B-546 92 Liberty St., New York, N. Y.</p> <p>Here you can get a copy of FUN FOR BOYS, and also include the FREE GAME KIT. I am enclosing \$1.00 in full payment. If it isn't an wonderful and thrilling one I expect it to be—I can return book and get my money back at once.</p> |

FREE TREMENDOUS SURPRISE GAME KIT

With every order, we will include, without extra charge, a complete assortment kit of 15 new and old Games, Tricks, Puzzles can be played by 1, 2, 3, 4 or more players. Just the thing for hours and days of enjoyable fun. It is given FREE with every order for FUN FOR BOYS! But Order Now!

KNICKERBOCKER PUBLISHING CO. DEPT. B-546
92 Liberty St. New York, N.Y.

Name _____

Address _____

City & State _____

☐ Check here if you desire book to come C.O.D. and will pay \$1.20 on delivery. Same money back guarantee.

Spring, 1943, Volume 1, No. 6. ITANGMAN COMICS is published quarterly by M. L. J. Magazines, Inc., 1 Appleton Street, Holyoke, Mass. Editorial offices: 169 W. Broadway, New York City, N. Y. Entered as second class matter June 8, 1942, at the Post Office at Holyoke, Mass., under the act of March 3, 1879. Entire contents copyrighted, 1943, by M. L. J. Magazines, Inc. Yearly subscription 40c in the U. S. A. Single copies 10 cents. No actual prison is named or delineated in this fiction magazine. Printed in U. S. A. For advertising rates write Double Action Comic Group, 60 Hudson Street, New York City.

The HANGMAN

SPECIAL
CASE
NO. 17

IN *The Laughing Cavalier*

THERE WAS DEATH IN THAT ANCIENT CASTLE..... GRINNING, MOCKING, HIDEOUS DEATH, AND IT WAS INTO THIS BIZARRE SETTING, CRINGING, UNDER AN ANCESTRAL CURSE, THAT THE HANGMAN WAS PLUNGED TO FIND HIMSELF AT GRIPS WITH THE GHOSTLY MURDERER..... THE LAUGHING CAVALIER!!

IRVING
NAVICK

ONE STORMY NIGHT AS BOB DICKERIN IS DRIVING ALONG THE CITY'S OUTSKIRTS.....

HELLO... LOOKS LIKE A MAIDEN IN DISTRESS.

GLAD TO TAKE YOU THERE. HOP IN!

YOU SEE I'M LINDA SHORT, AND THIS IS JASPER GRIGGS, A CHURCH ORGANIST.


LINDA SHORT, NOT RELATED TO ROBERT SHORT, THE MULTI-MILLIONAIRE, ARE YOU?

MY FATHER... BUT HE JUST DIED. WE'RE ABOUT TO BURY HIM!


THANK YOU SO MUCH, BUT YOU MUST STAY AWHILE - AT LEAST UNTIL THE STORM BLOWS OVER.

WELL, IT IS RATHER UNCOMFORTABLE DRIVING.


YOU SEE, WE'RE GOING TO HOLD THE SERVICES IN OUR OWN PLACE. THAT'S WHY I WENT INTO TOWN TO FETCH MR GRIGGS.



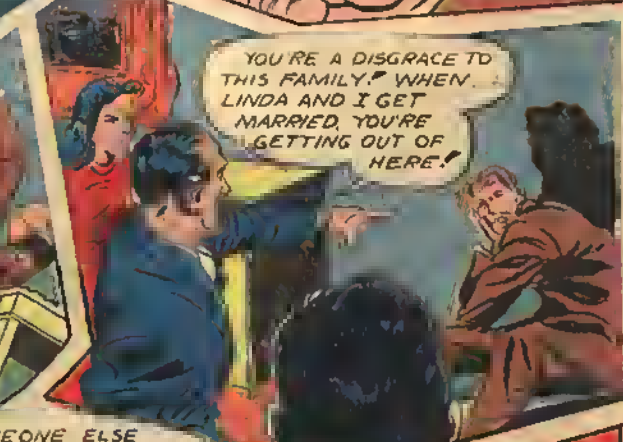
DON'T BE A FOOL!
GET OUT OF THIS
ACCURSED CASTLE
BEFORE IT
IS TOO LATE!




GET OUT, I TELL YOU! THERE'S HATE
HERE-- AND DEATH! EVERYBODY HATES
EVERYBODY ELSE! EVEN MY BELOVED
SISTER, LINDA, HATES HER OWN FIANCE!
I KNOW, I TELL YOU, I KNOW!
HA, HA, HA, HA!!




HARLEY, YOU DRUNKEN
FOOL! I'LL TEACH YOU
TO SAY SUCH VILE
THINGS!




YOU'RE A DISGRACE TO
THIS FAMILY! WHEN
LINDA AND I GET
MARRIED, YOU'RE
GETTING OUT OF
HERE!



LINDA WILL NEVER
MARRY YOU, JIM EVANS!
I SWEAR IT! YOU'RE A FORTUNE
HUNTER! YOU FOOLED MY FATHER,
AND MY STUPID SISTER-- BUT
YOU DON'T FOOL ME!



SOMEONE ELSE
ONCE WANTED TO MARRY
LINDA..... **TOM HARRIS!**
REMEMBER HIM? HE WAS
SMARTER THAN HE COULD BE!
OUTSMART OUR FAMILY CURSE!



I'M SORRY FOR MY
BROTHER'S RUDE-
NESS! THE
BUTLER WILL
SHOW YOU
GENTLEMEN
TO YOUR
QUARTERS! WE
WILL HOLD SER-
VICES WHEN YOU
ARE READY MR.
GRIGGS!

BOY... OF ALL THE SCREWY
SET-UPS, TROUBLE'S GOING
TO POP ANY MINUTE. I
CAN ALMOST SMELL IT.

AT THAT MOMENT—

YOU? NO, NO!
IT CAN'T BE.....
YOU'RE.....YOU'RE
DEAD!!

OH, OH.
HERE IT
COMES!

AND THE
HANGMAN'S
GOING TO TRY
TO FORESTALL IT!

GREAT SCOTT!
I'M TOO LATE!

UGH!

I'VE GOT YOU—
YOU KILLER!

WHEN THE HANGMAN
COMES TO.....

O Ooo....MY HEAD!
WHAT A SUCKER I TURNED
OUT TO BE!

WHAT'S GOING ON
HERE... GOOD
LORD, IT'S
HARRIS THE
BUTLER!

EEK!!
HE'S BEEN
MURDERED!

CRASH

NEVER MIND THE QUESTIONS!
THERE'S A MURDERER
LOOSE AND I INTEND
TO CATCH
HIM!

YOU... YOU'RE THE
HANGMAN!
HOW DID YOU
GET HERE?

MEANWHILE, IN THE ROOM OF THE DISSOLUTE
HARLEY SHORT.....

YES, HARLEY SHORT
YOUR HANGMAN'S NOOSE,
PERHAPS-FOR THE MURDER
OF THE BUTLER!

THE---THE
HANGMAN'S
NOOSE..

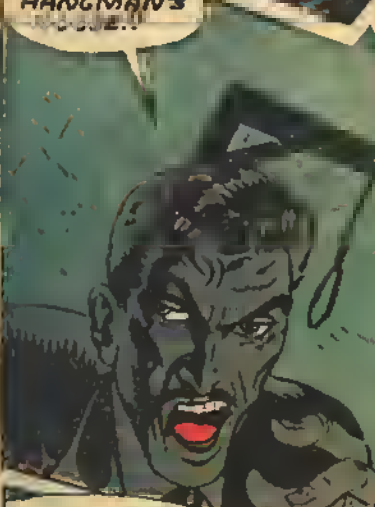
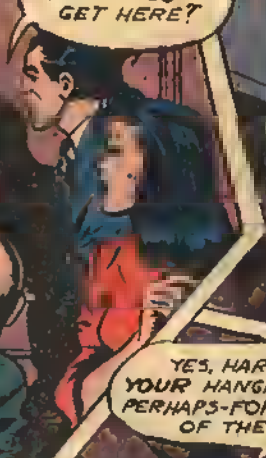
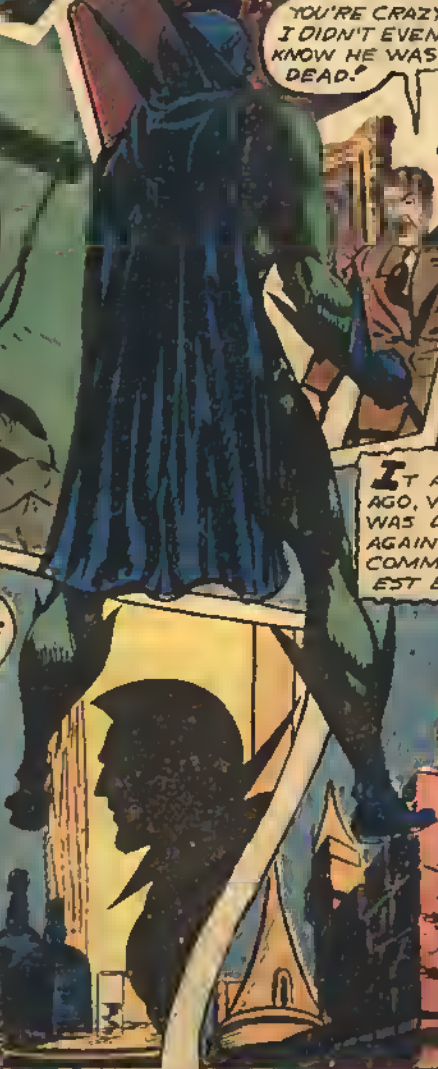
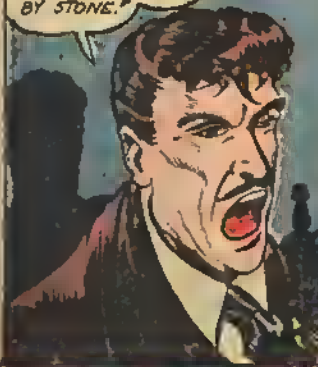
YOU'RE CRAZY!
I DIDN'T EVEN
KNOW HE WAS
DEAD!

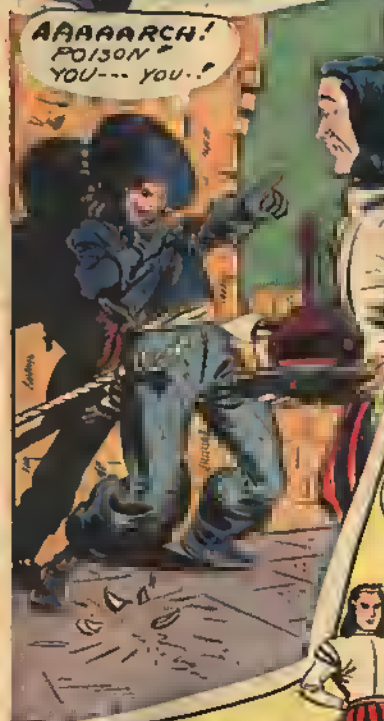
REMARKABLE-COINCIDENCE,
RIGHT AFTER YOUR THREATS
ABOUT DEATH AND A
FAMILY CURSE THAT
SOMEONE LOOKING LIKE A
CAVALIER SHOULD
COMMIT MURDER!

GREAT LORD!
THE LAUGHING
CAVALIER
RETURNED!

I WARNED THEM
HE WOULD-BUT THEY
LAUGHED! HE CAME BACK
ONCE BEFORE FOR TOM
HARRIS! THE CAVALIER
WAS THE ORIGINAL OWNER
OF THIS CASTLE, WHICH MY
FATHER BROUGHT FROM
ENGLAND BY STONE.

IT ALL BEGAN CENTURIES
AGO, WHEN THE CAVALIER
WAS DEFENDING THIS CASTLE
AGAINST A SIEGE FORCE
COMMANDED BY HIS BITTER-
EST ENEMY.....





YOU CHEATED ME OUT OF
TORTURING MY
BLOOD ENEMY.

UGH!

SURELY MY LORD,
YOU WON'T BURY
THE DUKE LIKE AN
ANIMAL! ONE OF
ROYAL BLOOD
CERTAINLY DESERVES
AT LEAST THE LAST
RITES!

TAKE HIS FILTHY
CARCASS AND
BURY IT!

SILENCE, YOU
SWINE!

LET HIM ROT IN HIS
COFFIN LIKE A PAGAN!
THAT WILL GIVE ME SOME
MEASURE OF VENGEANCE.
FROM NOW ON THIS
CASTLE IS MINE!

... **B**UT LATER, WHILE THE
INVADING HORDE IS CAROUSING,
THE PRIEST SNEAKED INTO
THE MAUSOLEUM.....

OH NOBLE DUKE, YOUR
WICKED ENEMY CHEATED
YOU OF ETERNAL REST...
BUT IT SHALL BE YOUR
DESTINY NEVER TO LET
THIS CASTLE FALL INTO
THE HANDS OF THE
INVADER!

AND THERE'S
WHERE THE
WANDERING SOUL
OF THE LAUGHING
CAVALIER
RESTS TO
THIS DAY.

... FULFILLING HIS DESTINY TO THIS DAY -
KEEPING OUT THE INVADER. ONLY THIS TIME
THE INVADERS ARE FORTUNE HUNTERS.
LIKE TOM HARRIS AND JIM EVANS,
TRYING TO TAKE THE CASTLE
AWAY FROM MY FAMILY?
TOM ALREADY PAID
WITH HIS LIFE!

... THEN THE GREAT
CLOCK TOLLS 12... TIME
FOR THE FUNERAL SERVICES
OF ROBERT SHORT...


... IN THE CASTLE'S MAUSOLEUM,
THE SMALL GATHERING Huddles
IN THE GLOOM - WITH EVERY
SHADOW - SEEMINGLY A
CROUCHING THREAT!

BOY, THAT LAUGHING CAVALIER
YARN'S GOT ME JITTERY.
SOMETHING'S GOING TO
POP ANY MINUTE! I
FEEL IT IN MY BONES.

"LINDA LOOKS
MORE WORRIED
THAN GRIER-
STRICKEN."

"JIM EVANS
KEEPS LOOKING
AROUND FURTIVELY"

"AND HARLEY HASN'T
STOPPED LOOKING AT
GRIGGS THE ORGANIST."



THEN, AS THE ORGAN BREAKS
INTO A MELANCHOLY, RE-
FRAIN, THE HANGMAN
LOOKS UP AND SEES--

SUDDENLY--

WATCH OUT!
THE CHANDELIER
IS FALLING!

SAY, THAT CHANDELIER'S
WOBBLING IN A
FUNNY WAY!

UGH-- EVANS
IS CRUSHED
TO A PULP!

MAYBE THIS
IS A GHOST'S
WORK AND
MAYBE NOT!

BUT I'M
GOING TO
FIND OUT
FOR SURE!

HMM-- A WIRE
LEADING TO THE
CHANDELIER HOOK--
I'LL TRACE IT AND
SEE WHERE IT
LEADS!

WELL, I'VE DISCOVERED SOMETHING ALL RIGHT... THAT WAS A PRETTY STORY YOU GAVE ME, HARLEY, ABOUT THE LAUGHING CAVALIER- FOR A MOMENT YOU ALMOST HAD ME FOOLED!

WH... WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

YOU... YOU'RE THE MURDERER, HARLEY! OH, YOU HATEFUL BEAST!

YOU'RE CRAZY, LINDA. I DIDN'T KILL ANYBODY!



HE'S RIGHT, LINDA! HE'S NOT THE MURDERER!

WHAT? THEN WHO IS?

I TOLD YOU WHO- THE LAUGHING CAVALIER!

NO, HARLEY! IT'S GRIGGS, THE ORGANIST!

YES, CONFOUND YOU, HANGMAN! I'M THE MURDERER- BUT I'M TOO CLEVER TO BE CAUGHT!



I'VE HEARD THOSE WORDS BEFORE!

SUDDENLY THE ORGANIST STOPS SHORT, WHEELS AND.....



THAT DEVIL! THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO ESCAPE HIM! THERE MUST BE!!

THAT BELFRY ROPE! IF I CAN CATCH IT, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO SWING TOWARD THAT EXIT!

HA, HA, HA! I'VE OUTWITTED YOU HANGMAN! I'VE OUT---UGH---

GOOD LORD, HE'S GOING TO MISS!

YOU'RE DYING GRIGGS! YOU MIGHT AS WELL CONFESS ALL! WHY DID YOU MURDER THOSE PEOPLE?

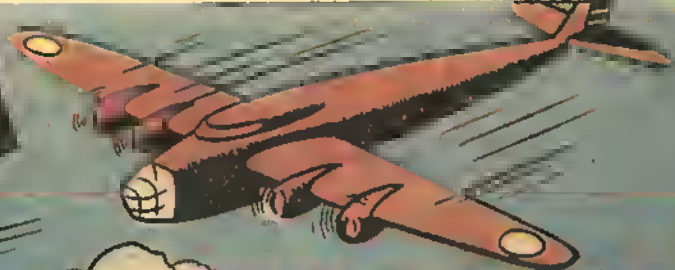
LOOK AT ME, LINDA! LOOK CLOSELY! DO YOU REMEMBER THE MAN YOU ONCE LOVED? THE MAN WHO WAS DETERMINED TO KEEP YOU FROM MARRYING ME, 'ACCIDENTALLY' RAN ME DOWN WITH HIS CAR AND LEFT ME FOR DEAD!

YOU T-TOM HARRIS!

YES, TOM HARRIS! BUT I DIDN'T DIE! I LIVED TO BECOME THIS HORRIBLE MISSHAPEN CREATURE--- AND I SWORE VENGEANCE ON YOUR ENTIRE FAMILY, EVEN YOU LINDA... I WAS SORRY TO MURDER THE BUTLER, BUT I

HE'S DEAD! HIS DIABOLICALLY CLEVER PLAN MIGHT HAVE SUCCEEDED IF I HADN'T TRACED THAT WIRE FROM THE CHANDELIER TO HIS ORGAN! BUT LIKE ALL CRIMINALS, HIS FIRST MISTAKE WAS HIS LAST!

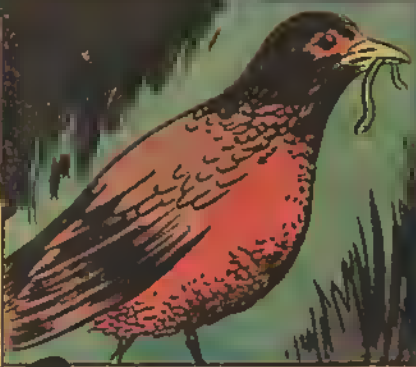
WORLD WONDERS



FLYING TANK CARS

AMERICA'S HEAVY BOMBERS
CARRY MORE GASOLINE THAN
A RAILROAD TANK CAR!

WELL WHAT DO YOU KNOW?



ROBINS ARE NOT
ROBBINS AT ALL BUT
BELONG TO THE
THRUSH FAMILY!

ELEPHANTS

USUALLY HATE
THE ODOR OF A WHITE
MAN AND WILL RESPOND ONLY
TO A NATIVE,

AN EXTREME SHORTAGE
OF ALUMINUM EXISTS IN
THE UNITED STATES YET
7% OF THE ENTIRE EARTH'S
CRUST IS ALUMINUM!



The HANGMAN

SPECIAL
CASE

18

in CRIME DOES NOT... **PLAY!**



WILD CHASE ALONG THE MURKY WATERFRONT STREETS BETWEEN THE POLICE AND A FLEEING RACKETEER CZAR! THEN, A BULLET FINDS ITS MARK IN ONE OF THE POLICE TIRES, AND ---





MORNING STAR ★

EXTRA

WAXY SHULTZ PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1 CAPTURED BY HANGMAN

THRILLING CHASE CLIMAXED BY CAPTURE

QUICK TRIAL TO BE GIVEN • CZAR OF UNDERWORLD

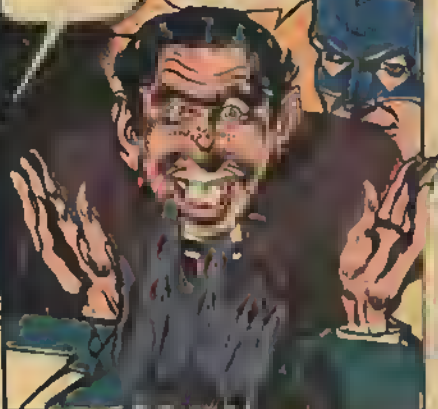
THIS CITY WAS WITNESS TO ONE OF THE MOST _____

AT LAST THE LAW HAS CAUGHT UP WITH THE SLIPPERY IIIH _____

WAXY SHULTZ, I YOU HAVE
SEEN FOUND GUILTY ON ALL
COUNTS! IT IS MY GREAT
PLEASURE TO SENTENCE
YOU TO----



LIFE IM-
PRISON-
MENT!



SUITS ME,
JUDGE! I
NEED A REST
ANYWAY!

SAY! FOR AGUY
WHO JUST HAD
THE BOOK
THROWN AT
HIM YOU SOUND
PRETTY COOL!

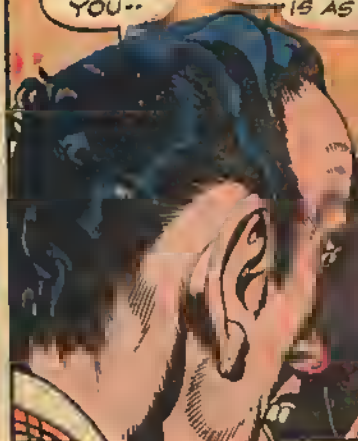


SURE,
MOUTH-
PECE!
GET EX-
CITED!
BAD FOR
THE HEART!

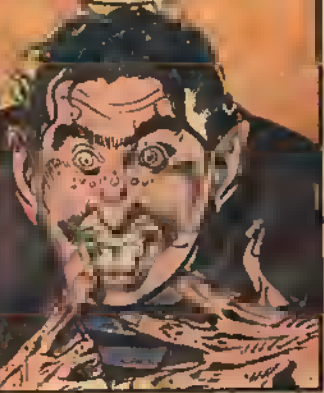
ATER- IN THE OFFICE OF THE
PROSECUTOR, EN--
YOU WEE- A BIG SHLT WITH YOUR
MOB, BUT HERE YOU'RE JUST PLAIN
NO. 17253!



AND ANY
TROUBLE
OUT OF
YOU--



ME! TROUBLE! I WOULDN'T THINK
OF IT, WARDEN! I WUZ GONNA RETIRE
SOON, ANYHOW- AND THIS JOINT
IS AS GOOD A PLACE AS
ANY!



I DON'T LIKE IT, PADDY!
THIS GUY IS ACTING
TOO CUTE! I
WONDER IF HE'S
GOT SOMETHING
UP HIS SLEEVE!

SURE WARDEN!
HIS ARM! AND
ONE WRONG MOVE
AND I'LL YANK IT
RIGHT OFFA HIM!
DON'T WORRY, SHULTZ
IS HERE TO STAY!



I'VE GOT THEM WORRIED, HA,
HA, HA! AND IF THEY KNEW
WHAT MY PLANS WERE,
THEY'D BE MORE
WORRIED!



SOME DAYS LATER,
THE WARDEN GETS
INTO HIS CAR TO BE
DRIVEN INTO TOWN--

WHAT'S THE MATTER DRIVER? WHY ARE
YOU SLOWING UP? THERE'S A LOG
ACROSS THE ROAD, WARDEN!

SUDDENLY, THE DEADLY
SNOUT OF A MACHINE GUN
IS THRUST THROUGH THE
UNDERBRUSH BORDERING
THE ROADSIDE, AND ----

Oooo!

... UNCONTROLLED,
THE CAR HURTTLES
THROUGH THE FENCE,
AND AS IT CRASHES
TO A HALT----

HIYA, WARDEN.
OL' BOY, YOU
GOT YOURSELF
A NEW CHAUF-
FEUR!----
ME!

YOU CRAZY KILLER!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT
YOUR GAME IS,
BUT----

SHUT UP, AN' GIT IN THE FRONT
WID ME. WHERE I KIN KEEP AN
EYE ON YOU! I GOT A COUPLE
O' PALS WHO ARE DYIN'
TO MEET YOU!

WELL, WELL----IF IT
AIN'T WAXY'S LIL'
PLAYMATE--THE
WARDEN!

SHUT UP, BUGG-
SY!...CHON-
IN WAR-
DEN!

MIGHT AS WELL
MAKE YOURSELF
AT HOME, WAR-
DEN, YER GON-
NA BE HERE
A LONG TIME!

ARE YOU MAD?
EVERY COP
IN THE
COUNTRY
WILL BE
LOOKING
FOR ME,
SOON!

OH, NO DEY WON'T, WARDEN!
TAKE A LOOK AT DESE MOVIN'
PICTURES! RECOGNIZE DE GUY,
WARDEN?

RIGHT! WAXY HAD DEM TAKEN!
HE KNEW IF HE WUZ PINCHED
HE'D WIND UP IN YOUR
COOLER! SO HE'S HAD A
DOUBLE READY
TO STEP IN-
TO YOUR
SHOES!

THAT'S ME, WARDEN! I'VE STUD-
IED EVERY ONE OF YOUR
CHARACTERISTICS!
NOBODY
COULD TELL
US APART!



THAT NIGHT---
WARDEN WANTS TO
SEE YOU, SHULTZ!

I THOUGHT HE WOULD!
HEH, HEH, HEH!

WHADDA YOU MEAN BY THAT
CRACK! HOW'D YOU KNOW
HE'D WANT TO SEE
YOU?

MY WOMANLY
INTUITION,
COPPER!



WELL, HELLO SHULTZ!
THAT WAS A NEAT LITTLE
PLAN YOU HAD! LET
ME CONGRATULATE
YOU!

WHA--
WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?

YOU KNOW DARNED WELL WHAT I
MEAN-- BUT
IT DIDN'T
WORK!

EASY,
RAT!

WHY
YOU--!

ALL RIGHT, BOYS--I WANT
TO HAVE A TALK WITH
SHULTZ -- ALONE! YOU
CAN GO BACK TO YOUR
POSTS!



DON'T ARGUE!
I CAN HANDLE
THIS THUG IF
HE GETS
TOUGH!

OKAY, WARDEN!
YOU'RE THE
BOSS!



WELL, WAXY! HOW'D YOU LIKE MY
ACT? I HAD YOU FOOLED, DIDN'T
I? YA REALLY THOUGHT I WUZ
THE WARDEN?



WHY, YOU DIRTY RAT! I
DON'T LIKE
THOSE KINDA
JOKES!
NIX, BOSS!
I WUZ ONLY
HAVIN' A
LITTLE FUN--
AAARRRRH--



I--(GASP)--DIDN'T
THINK YOU'D BE
SO TOUCHY--TOUGH!
ALL RIGHT LET'S
BLOW THIS JOINT!

WAIT A MINUTE, PARROT!
MAYBE YA GOT SOMETHIN
THERE AT THAT!
YA REALLY DID HAVE
ME FOOLED!



YER ACT IS TOO GOOD TO WASTE,
PARROT! WE'RE STICKIN' AROUND
THIS JOINT FER AWHILE, YET!



YOU GET EVERY
GUARD IN HERE
AN' LEAVE THE
REST TO ME!

O--OKAY,
WAXY!



WONDER WHA
THE WARDEN
WANTS US
FOR IN
SUCH A
RUSH!

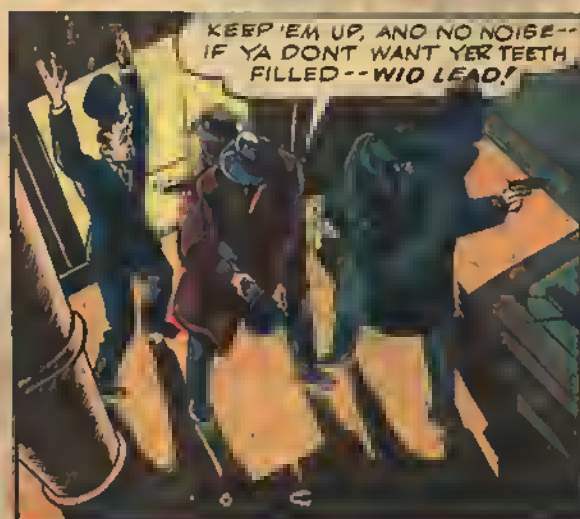
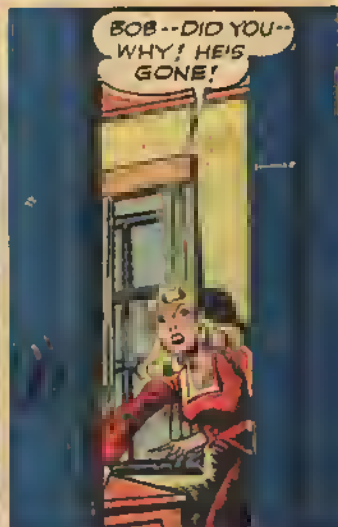
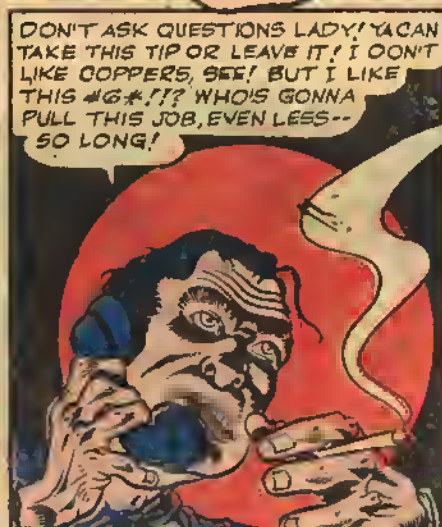
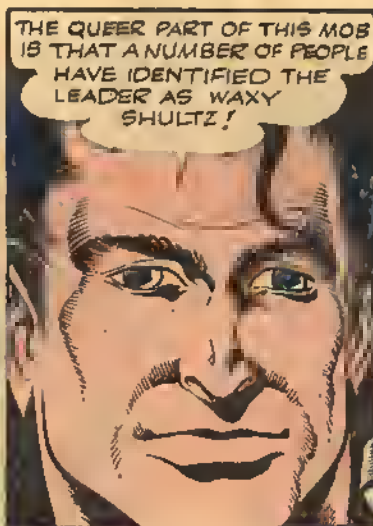
MAY HE
GOT WIND
OF A
BREAK!



YEAH
GUESS
YOU'RE
RIGHT!







SUDDENLY AN UNINVITED GUEST MAKES A DRAMATIC ENTRANCE FROM AN UPPER STORY WINDOW--THE HANGMAN!



YOU BOYS HAVE BEEN PLAYING COPS AND ROBBERS FOR A LONG TIME!



--- BUT NOW WE'LL PLAY IT THE REAL WAY--- WITH COPS!

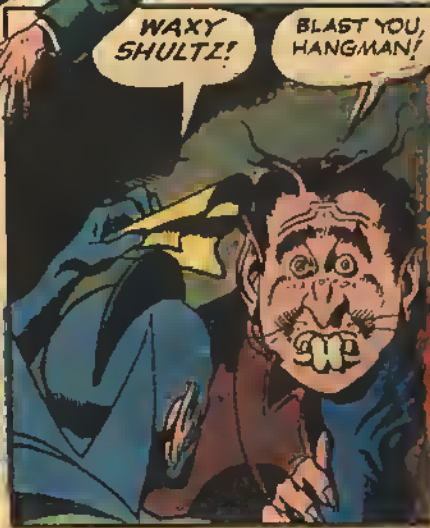


JUST A MINUTE YOU!-- LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT WHAT'S UNDER-NEATH THAT HANDKERCHIEF!



WAXY SHULTZ!

BLAST YOU, HANGMAN!



...TAKE DAT!



WHILE THE HANGMAN IS UNCONSCIOUS THE GUNMEN MAKE GOOD THEIR GET-AWAY!



NO WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE SOON AFTER---

IT'S THE HANGMAN-- OUT COLD!



--AND IT WAS WAXY SHULTZ, I TELL YOU!
OO WE HAPTA GO THRU ALL THAT AGAIN, HANGMAN WE'VE CHECKED ON HIM A DOZEN TIMES! HE'S BEHIND BARS, I TELL YA!



I DON'T BLAME THEM FOR NOT BELIEVING ME--BUT JUST THE SAME, THE HANGMAN'S GOING TO DO SOME PERSONAL CHECKING!



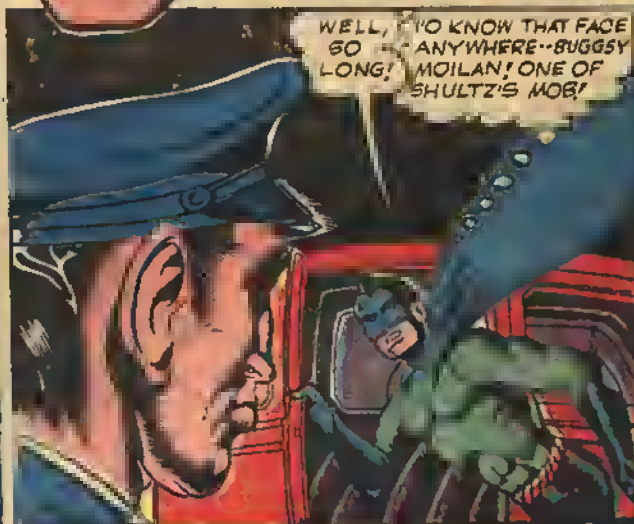
HERE IT IS ---AND EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE QUIET ENOUGH!



--NIX! YA CAN'T GET IN TO SEE OE WARDEN TONIGHT! HE'S TOO BUSY! NOW BEAT IT!

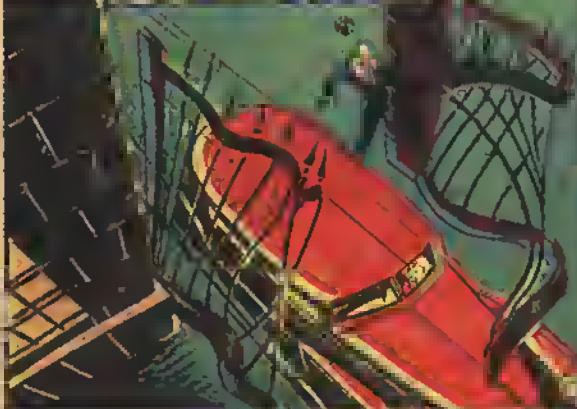


HMM--I DON'T SEEM TO HAVE MUCH CHOICE!



WELL, SO LONG! YOU KNOW THAT FACE ANYWHERE--BUGGSY MOILAN! ONE OF SHULTZ'S MOB!

BUT INSTEAD OF DRIVING AWAY THE HANGMAN SUDDENLY WHEELS HIS CAR ABOUT AND HURTS IT PAST THE PARALYZEO GUARD RIGHT THRU THE PRISON GATE----



IT'S OE HANGMAN, SLAPSY! LET 'IM HAVE IT!

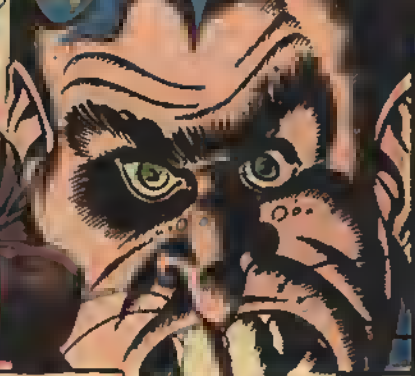


THE HANGMAN'S
WISE TO OUR
SET-UP, I TELL
YA, WAXY, WE
BETTER LAM
OUTTA HERE!

SHUT UP! I'LL
GET THAT GUY
BEFORE HE--
I'LL ANSWER
THE PHONE!

WHAT! THE HANGMAN
HERE! YOU STUPID
CRUMBS! HOW'D YOU
LET 'IM GET PAST
THE GATE?

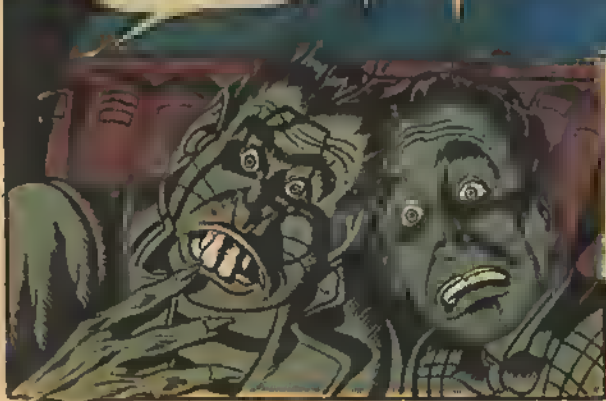
OKAY--MAYBE IM GLAD
HE'S HERE AT THAT!
THIS TIME HE STUCK
HIS NECK OUT TOO
FAR!



---AND SO DID YOU,
WAXY! YOU STUCK
YOUR NECK RIGHT
INTO THE HANGMAN'S
NOOSE!

THE... THE
HANGMAN!

I'M WISE TO YOUR SET-UP NOW--
VERY CLEVER GETTING A
WARDEN IN HERE--AND YOUR
MOB IN AS GUARDS!



THAT MEANS YOU MUST
HAVE MURDERED THE
REAL GUARDS--AND
YOU'RE GOING TO
SWING FOR THAT
IF NOTHING
ELSE!

TRY AN'
GET ME
HANGMAN!



OKAY! YOU
ASKED
FOR IT!



AND YOU'RE GOING
TO GET IT WITHOUT
ASKING!

GLAMMM... HHT!

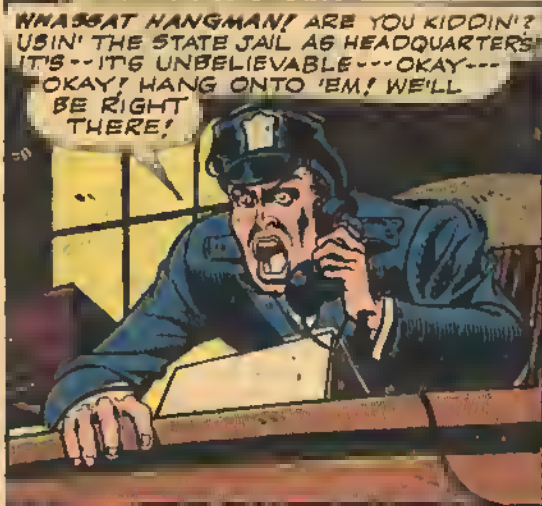
FOOTSTEPS!--THOSE PHONEY
GUARDS MUST'VE HEARD THE
FIGHTING! I'LL HAVE TO
WORK FAST!

I'LL BE WATCHING YOU
FROM THE NEXT ROOM,
"WARDEN" WITH THIS
GUN POINTING AT YOUR
HEART! SO BE SURE
AND SAY THE RIGHT
THING!

HAVEN'T SPOT-
TED THE HANGMAN. J--JUST
YET, PARROT! SUPPED!
WHAT WUZ THAT
NOISE I HOI-
IN HERE?

K--KEEP THE BOYS
LOOKIN' FOR HIM! HE...
HE'S AROUND, C--CLOSE
BY, I'M POSITIVE!

ALMOST BLIPPED THAT TIME,
PARROT! NOW, I'LL CALL UP
A COUPLE OF MY FRIENDS!
THEY'D LOVE TO
MEET YOU--I
KNOW!



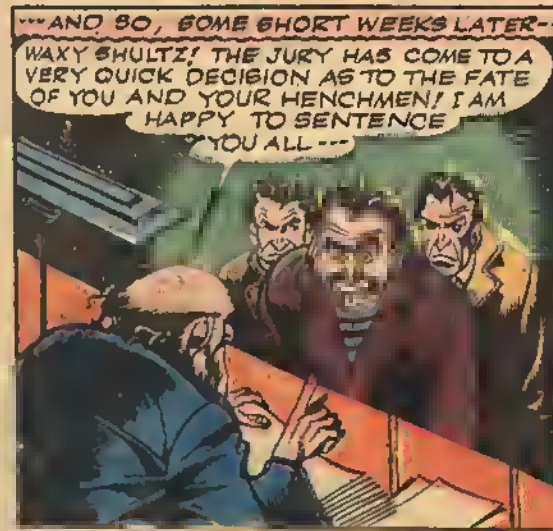
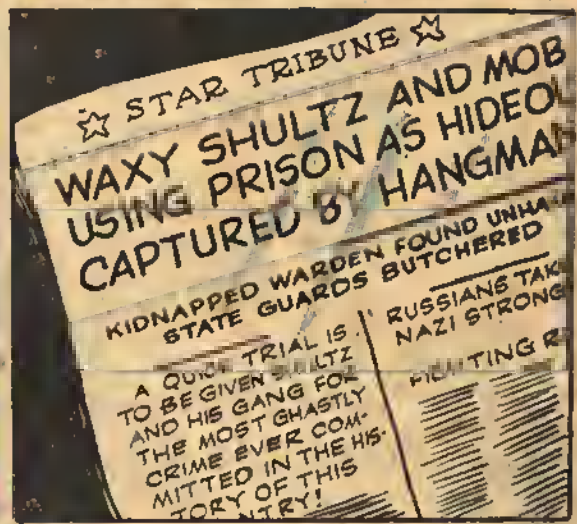
WASSAT HANGMAN! ARE YOU KIDDIN' USIN' THE STATE JAIL AS HEADQUARTERS IT'S--IT'S UNBELIEVABLE---OKAY---OKAY! HANG ONTO 'EM! WE'LL BE RIGHT THERE!



STEP ON IT JOE! EITHER THE HANGMAN IS NUTS--OR HE'S MADE THE BIGGEST HAUL OF HIS CAREER!



LATER, THAT EVENING--
WUXTRY!
READ ALL ABOUT IT!
HANGMAN NASS SHULTZ MOB!



...AND SO, SOME SHORT WEEKS LATER--
WAXY SHULTZ! THE JURY HAS COME TO A VERY QUICK DECISION AS TO THE FATE OF YOU AND YOUR HENCHMEN! I AM HAPPY TO SENTENCE YOU ALL--



...TO BE HANGED BY THE NECK UNTIL YOU ARE DEAD! AND MAY GOD HAVE MERCY ON YOUR BLACK SOULS!

THE
END

A SMILE AND A NOD

FINALLY, after two hours, a car was coming down the road. Joe started to wave his thumb slowly, methodically, stacing at the windshield and trying to catch the eyes of the driver. That was the way to do it—catch their eyes. After six years you came to know certain tricks.

Six years was a long time, and Joe had come a long way. He looked older than twenty-four now, and that was because he had seen so much in those six years. He had escaped from the reformatory by slamming one of the guards in the head with a baseball bat. He was smart enough to stay put for three weeks before breaking out of the city. He was smart enough to fool the cops. When he did get away, he got away right. He made the Coast in five days by freight train.

There was an Aunt out on the Coast, and she had helped Joe. She didn't have much, but she was alone, and what little she had she was willing to share. At night she used to talk to Joe, and she used to say things that made him listen, that made his eyes fill and his lips tremble. She made him see right from wrong.

He went out and got himself a job. It was a tough job, a miserable job, but he worked at it, worked hard. Then, a week after he was promoted they laid him off. They didn't give a reason. They just laid him off. Two weeks after that

his Aunt died. A lawyer came and explained that she owed money. Joe wasn't arguing. He went away.

He got another job, lost it, went up to Oregon, worked for awhile and then took a long chance and came East. They picked him up in Ohio, more than three years after his escape. He didn't think they remembered that long. But he found out. Two men picked him up and were taking him to the police station, when he jumped out of the automobile and ducked away. Joe was fast and smart.

And so that was the story. He had to keep on the move. He couldn't stay in one place for long. It was drift and stop, drift and stop. Sometimes he worked, sometimes he ate only by charity. But he never stole. He never did anything to hurt anybody. At night he would look up at the sky and remember his Aunt, remember the things she had told him.

There is a difference between right and wrong and yet at the same time there is a difference between eating and not eating, and slowly this idea began to grow in Joe. As the years began to flick by, faster and more painfully, he began to realize that he was missing something. He was missing not only a clean bed and cooked food—he was missing something bigger.

He was missing too much!

It had to impress itself upon him sometime, and it was work-

ing on him now as that car came down the road. He was telling himself that he had put up with too much, that if he wanted the better things, he would have to get them in only one way—

"Come on, come on—stop, you louse," he murmured, and he smiled dimly as the car came to a stop with a shrieking of brakes.

It was a big black touring car, and the man driving it wore a light tan overcoat and a felt hat. The man was about 50. He smiled at Joe and said, "Goin' far?"

Joe got in, nodded. As he sat down he felt in his back pocket, slowly pulled out the penknife and waited. From the corner of his eye he sized up the driver and then looked at the flashy dashboard of the big car. Everything looked nice and easy, except that it was going to be a little tough pulling something like this with the car doing 70 and going faster each minute.

"You're in a hurry," Joe said.

The man nodded. He looked at Joe and then he jerked his head away, stared through the windshield.

Joe slowly slid the knife toward the man, and then he pressed it up against the man's side and said, "Slow down and keep going straight. Open the door and slide out, or else I'll put this into you."

The man's jaw muscles became knots of stone. His fingers gripped the wheel hard. Joe said, "Just one move, mister—just one move and I'll put the knife into you. I'm a hungry guy, and I'm not kidding around."

"Okay, kid," the driver said, "if you want to do business that way—"

"Shut up," Joe said. "Slow down and open the door and roll out when I tell you to."

"Look kid, maybe we don't have to go to all this trouble. Maybe I can see things your way and—"

"If you don't hurry up and see things my way the knife goes into you and ends your worries. Now—"

From behind the big billboards and the bushes fringing the concrete just ahead, four motorcycles shot into the center of the road. They moved toward the car, and the cops had revolvers in their hands,

"What the hell is this?" said Joe.

"A farewell party, kid. They are after me. Two weeks ago I

got out of the state pen—killed a couple of guards and then robbed a bank a few days later. It was only a question of time, and now they got me. The only reason I picked you up was to kidnap you, use you as a shield in case we ran into trouble."

The motorcycles were getting near now. One of the cops fired in the air, a warning.

"What you gonna do?" Joe said.

"I ain't got a thing to lose, kid. You ain't neither—now. You probably got a record yourself. And if they catch you with me—"

He ducked low in the seat and put the accelerator down to the floor. Joe yelled in fear and shock. He ducked also. He could hear the motor screaming and he could hear bullets, and then he heard the man beside him screaming. After that he fell into darkness.

The big man with the shield on his lapel took a long puff and said, "Well, the young fellow's entitled to half the reward, as I see it. Docke picked

him up to kidnap him, he says, and that's a logical story. Besides, he'll be in the hospital another two weeks, and he'll carry that scar on his face for the rest of his life. I say we give him the two grand."

The other men nodded. The big man took another long puff and picked up the telephone. He called the hospital and he asked to speak to Joe.

Joe didn't say much. He just listened. When he put down the receiver he looked up at the white ceiling and smiled dimly through the bandages. He saw his Aunt up there on the ceiling and he said to her with his eyes, I lied to the cops, Aunt. Not only that—I would have put my knife into that guy. I would have robbed him. But look, Aunt—I been getting the wrong side of the deal for so long, and now I've got a break. I can take that dough, put it into something, get started right and do the right thing, the things you used to tell me about. That'll be okay, won't it, Aunt, won't it?

And his Aunt smiled, and nodded.

ATTENTION OF THE OWNERSHIP, PUBLISHERS, EDITORS, MANAGERS, AND CONTRIBUTORS OF THE NEW YORK TIMES

IN REPLY TO A REQUEST PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

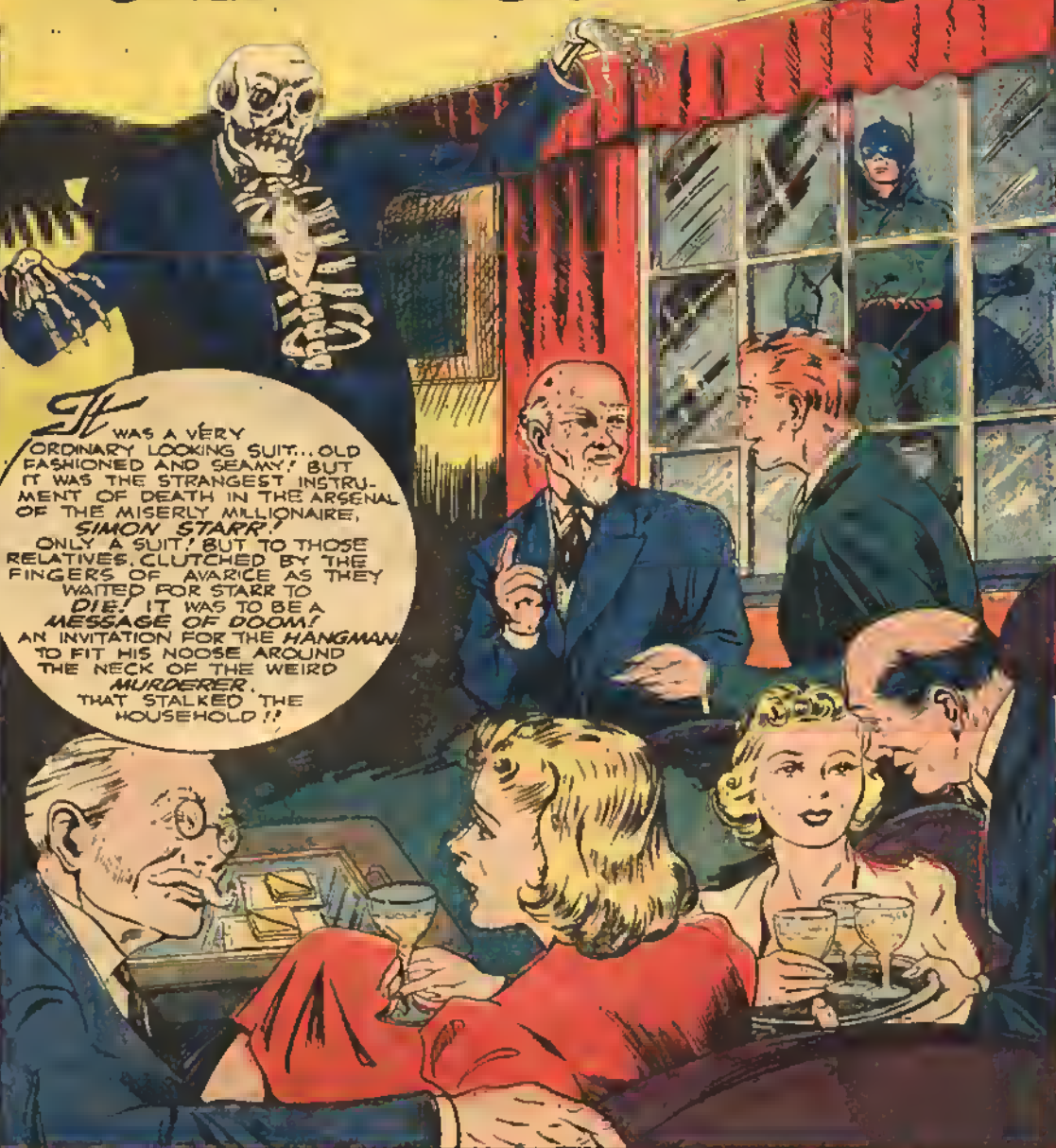
THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 2, 1941

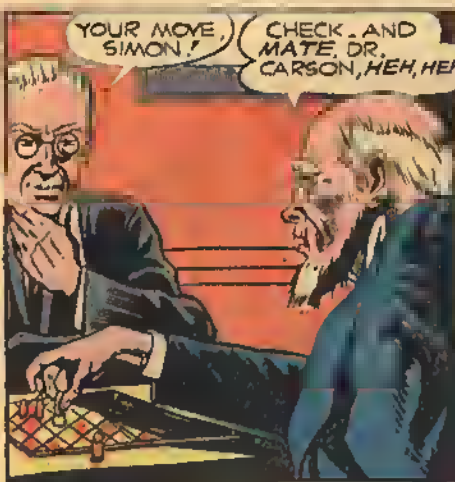
The HANGMAN

SPECIAL CASE NO. 18.

MURDER WORE A SUIT



IT WAS A VERY ORDINARY LOOKING SUIT...OLD FASHIONED AND SEAMY! BUT IT WAS THE STRANGEST INSTRUMENT OF DEATH IN THE ARSENAL OF THE MISERLY MILLIONAIRE, **SIMON STARR!** ONLY A SUIT! BUT TO THOSE RELATIVES, CLUTCHED BY THE FINGERS OF AVARICE AS THEY WAITED FOR STARR TO DIE! IT WAS TO BE A MESSAGE OF DOOM! AN INVITATION FOR THE HANGMAN TO FIT HIS NOOSE AROUND THE NECK OF THE WEIRD **MURDERER**. THAT STALKED THE HOUSEHOLD!!



YOUR MOVE, SIMON!

CHECK, AND MATE, DR. CARSON, HEH, HEH!



I'VE CHECK, MATED YOU, JUST LIKE I'M GOING TO CHECKMATE THE BUZZARDS WAITING FOR ME TO DIE!

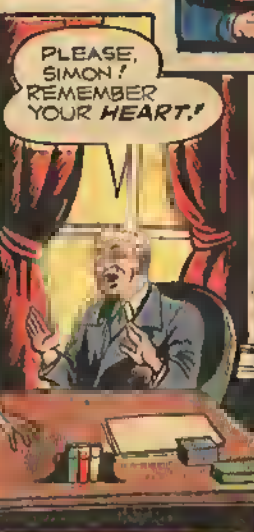
NOW, SIMON LET'S NOT GO INTO THAT AGAIN. I THINK YOU'RE ALL WRONG! NOBODY WANTS YOU TO DIE!



SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, DR. CARSON! YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO GETS PAID, AS LONG AS I LIVE! HEH, HEH... BUT I'LL GO SOON ANYWAY. MY TIME IS SOON UP, AND I KNOW IT!



BUT BY HEAVEN I FIXED IT, SO NOBODY WILL GET A CENT OF MY MONEY! IF THEY WANT IT, THEY'LL HAVE TO FIND IT FIRST!



PLEASE, SIMON! REMEMBER YOUR HEART!



BAH... STOP CLUCKING OVER ME. GET OUT! GET OUT, I SAY!



ALL RIGHT! I'LL GO, SIMON! YOU'RE ALL UPSET, NOW! GOODNIGHT! GIVE ME A CALL IF YOU NEED ME!!

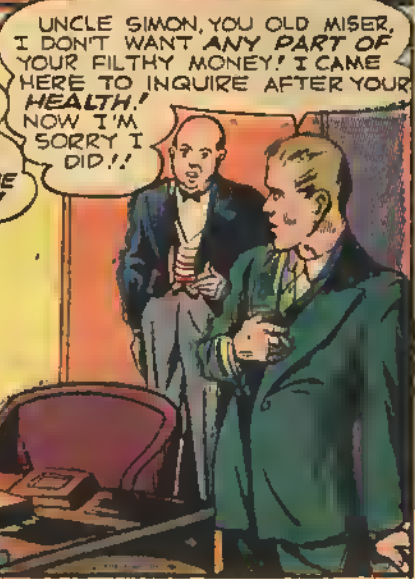


YOUR NEPHEW TO SEE YOU, SIR!

ALL RIGHT! SEND IN THE YOUNG SCOUNDREL, PARKER!



COME HERE BEGGING FOR MONEY, I SUPPOSE! WELL, YOU CAN'T HAVE A CENT! NOT ONE CENT!



UNCLE SIMON, YOU OLD MISER, I DON'T WANT ANY PART OF YOUR FILTHY MONEY! I CAME HERE TO INQUIRE AFTER YOUR HEALTH! NOW I'M SORRY I DID!!

BOSH! DON'T TRY TO
HOODWINK ME YOU YOUNG
SCAMP! IT'S MY BAD
HEALTH YOU'RE
INTERESTED... NOT
MY GOOD HEALTH!
NOW I'M GOING
TO BED! GOOD
NIGHT!!

I FEEL SORRY FOR
YOU UNCLE! YOUR WEALTH
HAS MADE YOU MISERABLE!
YOU'VE **HOARDED** IT
ALL YOUR LIFE... AND
NOW THAT YOUR DAYS
ARE NUMBERED, YOU'D
LIKE TO TAKE IT
WITH YOU... IF
YOU COULD!!

YOUR EVENING
SEDATIVE, SIR?

ALL RIGHT.
ALL RIGHT.
GIVE IT TO
ME, AND
GET OUT!

BANG!

LATER THAT
EVENING...

ROSE! GET
DR. CARSON!
SOMETHING'S
HAPPENED
TO MR. STARR!

YES, DR. CARSON!
IT'S MR. STARR!
HIS HEART I
THINK! **HURRY!**

HELLO, ROSE..
SO IT HAPPENED
AT LAST EH?
WHERE IS HE?

RIGHT
UPSTAIRS, DR.
CARSON!

I KNEW THIS
WOULD HAPPEN
SOONER OR
LATER! I HOPE
I'M NOT TOO
LATE!

GOOD LORD!
I'M AFRAID
I AM!!

NO PULSE... RESPIRATION
STOPPED! YES! HE'S
DEAD ALLRIGHT!

OBVIOUSLY HE HAD A
STROKE! I'LL ARRANGE
FOR THE BURIAL AT
ONCE!

YES, SIR! YES
DR. CARSON



OH, BY THE
WAY, ROSE,
HAVE YOU
SEEN THE
MASTER'S
FULL DRESS
SUIT??

WHY, I
SENT IT TO
THE CLEANERS!

WHAT? WHO TOLD YOU
TO DO ANYTHING LIKE THAT?
SINCE WHEN DID YOU
BECOME MR. STARR'S VALET?

ER... I'M A LITTLE UPSET,
THAT'S ALL! WHAT'S
THE ADDRESS OF
THAT CLEANER
ROSE?



SAY! WHAT'S
THE MATTER
WITH YOU?
WHAT ARE
YOU GETTING
SO EXCITED
ABOUT??

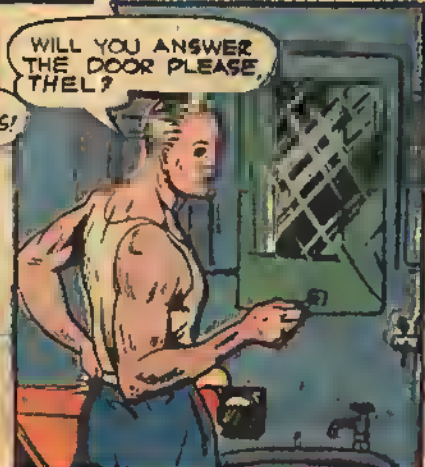
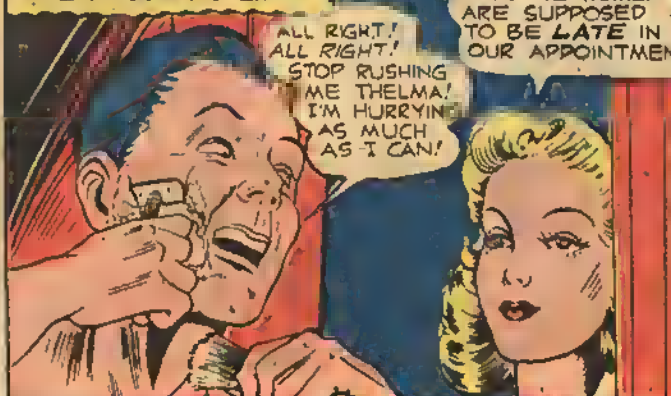


AT THAT MOMENT IN THE
HOME OF BOB DICKERING...

AND WE WOMEN
ARE SUPPOSED
TO BE LATE IN
OUR APPOINTMENTS!

WILL YOU ANSWER
THE DOOR PLEASE,
THEL?

ALL RIGHT!
ALL RIGHT!
STOP RUSHING
ME THELMA!
I'M HURRYING
AS MUCH
AS I CAN!



YOUR DRESS
SUIT'S HERE
AT LAST, BOB!

CONFOUND
THAT STUPID
TAILOR! HE
SENT ME THE
WRONG SUIT!

OH, BOB! WE'LL
NEVER GET TO
THAT PARTY
NOW!!

WELL THIS IS MY CLEANER!
I'LL BAWL HIM OUT PLENTY
FOR THAT BLUNDER!

I DIDN'T
STEAL IT,
I TELL YOU!
DON'T HIT
ME.. PLEASE!

YOU FILTHY
LIAR...GIVE
ME THAT
SUIT, OR...

I'LL KILL YOU...
SO HELP ME... KILL
YOU IF YOU DON'T
TELL ME THE TRUTH!

HEY! WHAT
GOES ON IN
THERE??

WHOA THERE, TOUGH
GUY...I'LL HAVE SOMETHING
TO SAY ABOUT ANY KILLINGS!

CRASH!

WELL, LOOKS LIKE I TOOK SOME STARCH OUT OF THAT GUY! WHO IS HE, SAM?

MR. SIMON STARR'S BUTLER. HE CAME IN FOR MR. STARR'S SUIT! AND WHEN I TOLD HIM I SENT IT TO YOU BY MISTAKE, MR. DICKERING, HE WENT CRAZY! DID YOU BRING HIS SUIT BACK?

YES! AND I THINK I'M GOING TO DELIVER IT PERSONALLY... HOW ABOUT IT, THEL?

THE HECK WITH THE PARTY! I'M WITH YOU, BOB!

WELL... IF IT ISN'T OUR PUGNACIOUS FRIEND! HERE'S THE SUIT YOU WERE SO ANXIOUS TO GET! WHAT'S THE MATTER? IS MR. STARR GOING TO A WEDDING?

OH, HELLO, SIR! I'M AWFULLY SORRY I LOST MY HEAD!

YOU SEE, MR. STARR DIED A LITTLE WHILE AGO... AND I'M NOT MYSELF! THE RELATIVES ARE GATHERED RIGHT NOW FOR THE WILL READING!

HMM... SIMON STARR THE QUEER RECLUSE DEAD, EH? MIND IF WE GO IN? THIS YOUNG LADY IS A REPORTER AND THIS MIGHT MAKE A STORY FOR HER!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT! WE ALL KNOW MY UNCLE HAD MONEY! THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS!

WELL, YOU FIND IT THEN! AS HIS LAWYER I KNOW HE KEPT NOTHING IN THE BANK, AND THERE ISN'T EVEN A WILL DRAWN UP. FOR EXECUTE!!!

IT'S A TRICK! THAT OLD MISER HID HIS MONEY, AND IT'S UP TO YOU TO FIND IT!



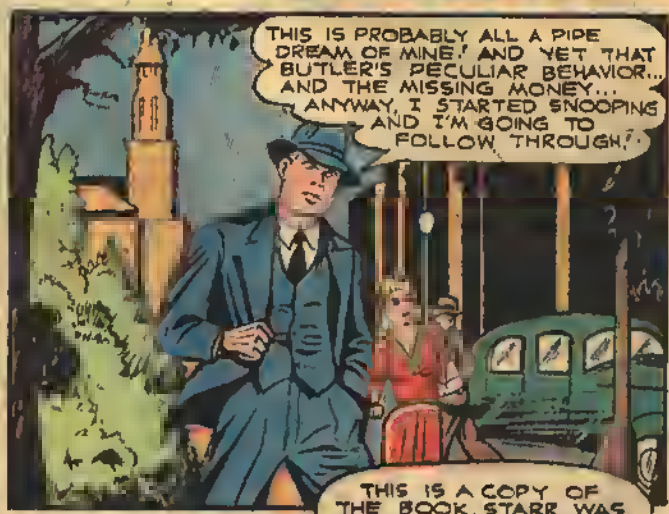
LORDY! THEY CERTAINLY ARE IN A TERRIFIC FUROR, AREN'T THEY?

IT'S A QUIANT HABIT WITH DISAPPOINTED RELATIVES.. YOU KEEP WATCH, THEL, WHILE I GO UP. STAIRS AND LOOK AROUND.

HMM... FUNNY NOBODY GOT AROUND TO PREPARE THE BODY FOR THE BURIAL.



SAY... WHAT'S THIS LYING BY STARR'S CHAIR! LOOKS LIKE HE WAS READING A BOOK BEFORE HE DIED... WONDER WHY PART OF THE PAGE HAS BEEN TORN AWAY??



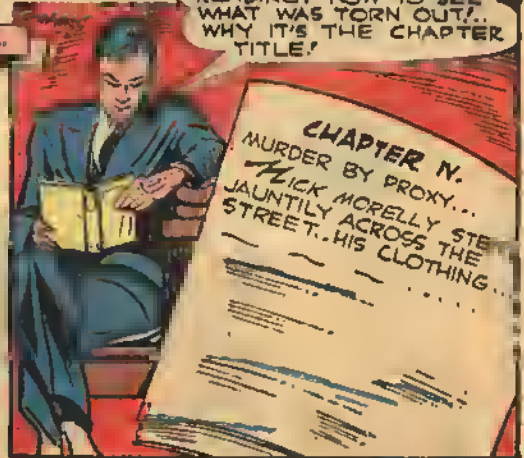
THIS IS PROBABLY ALL A PIPE DREAM OF MINE! AND YET THAT BUTLER'S PECULIAR BEHAVIOR... AND THE MISSING MONEY... ANYWAY, I STARTED SNOOPING AND I'M GOING TO FOLLOW THROUGH.

AND SO SOMETIME LATER.. IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY..



WHY YES! WE HAVE THAT BOOK! WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE IT OUT?

NO, THANKS! I'LL READ IT HERE! I'LL ONLY BE A MOMENT!



THIS IS A COPY OF THE BOOK STARR WAS READING! NOW TO SEE WHAT WAS TORN OUT.. WHY IT'S THE CHAPTER TITLE!

CHAPTER IV.
MURDER BY PROXY...
TRICK MORELLY STE
JAUNTILY ACROSS THE
STREET.. HIS CLOTHING...

MURDER BY PROXY,
EH? THAT MIGHT
MEAN SOMETHING!
AND THE HANGMAN'S
GOING TO FIND OUT
JUST WHAT!

SOME TIME LATER...

I THOUGHT I'D
NEVER HAVE A CHANCE
TO GET OFF ALONE WITH
THIS SUIT!

SUDDENLY...

THE...
THE...
HANGMAN'S
NOOSE!

PANIC-STRICKEN, THE BUTLER
BOLTS FOR THE DOOR...

WORRIES YOU DON'T IT?
IT MIGHT FIT NICELY AROUND
YOUR NECK... FOR THE
MURDER OF SIMON
STARR!!

TAKE THAT
HANGMAN!!

WITH THE HANGMAN IN HOT PURSUIT...

HE DUCKED
THROUGH
THIS
DOOR!

BUT AS THE BUTLER
CONTINUES HIS FLIGHT
HE STUMBLES, AND...

I'M NOT
HAVING ANY
TODAY, MISTER!

STAY AWAY
FROM ME
HANGMAN,
OR I'LL
BRAIN YOU!

AND NOW YOU'RE
GOING TO
CONFESS, OR..

Y.. YES!
STARR WAS
MURDERED!
BUT IT WASN'T
MY IDEA! I
SWEAR IT!!
IT WAS...

SUDDENLY, THE
ROOM IS PLUNGED
INTO BLACKNESS,
AND...

WHEN THE HANGMAN
TURNS ON THE LIGHTS AGAIN

CRASH!

Ooo! WOTTA
WALLOP! GREAT
SCOTT!
MURDERED..
AND THE SUIT'S
GONE....

THE MURDERER
DIDN'T HAVE MUCH
TIME FOR A
GET AWAY!
WHO'S THAT
DISAPPEARING
DOWN THE
HALL??

HANGMAN..
IS SOMETHING
WRONG?

STARR'S NEPHEW!
WHAT WERE YOU
RUNNING
DOWN THE
CORRIDOR,
FOR? DO
YOU KNOW
ANYTHING
ABOUT THE
BUTLER'S
MURDER
???

LORD.. OF COURSE
NOT! I WAS HURRYING
BECAUSE I THOUGHT
MY PHONE WAS RINGING!

HMM...MAYBE...
COME ON DOWNSTAIRS
WITH ME!

THE HANGMAN GATHERS
THE ENTIRE HOUSEHOLD
TOGETHER...

THERE'S A MURDERER AMONGST US!
HE'S KILLED THE BUTLER, AND
PERHAPS SIMON
STARR!

WHAT
??

BUT STARR DIED
OF HEART-FAILURE,
DR. CARSON CAN
TESTIFY TO THAT!

NEVERTHELESS
WE'LL HAVE TO CALL
THE POLICE, AT
ONCE!

THANKS VERY MUCH, DR.
CARSON, FOR PHONING! WE
NEED COMPLETE COOPERATION
AT THIS STAGE OF THE GAME!


THE POLICE WON'T
BE ABLE TO GET HERE
FOR AWHILE! I SUGGEST
WE ALL GO TO OUR ROOMS,
AND LOCK OURSELVES IN..
FOR SAFETY'S SAKE!

GOOD IDEA,
DR. CARSON!

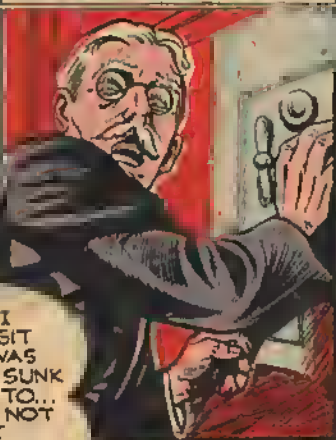
THE HANGMAN
IS RIGHT! THE
POLICE SHOULD
BE NOTIFIED! I
MIGHT HAVE BEEN
WRONG IN MY
DIAGNOSIS!

SOME TIME LATER A
FIGURE STEALTHILY
CREEPS INTO ONE
OF THE ROOMS...
GENT ON ...

MURDER!!



STARTLED BY A NOISE,
THE MURDERER TURNS...
HIS FACE IS CAUGHT BY
THE HALF LIGHT AND HE
STANDS REVEALED AS...



NO, CARSON! I
EXPECTED A VISIT
FROM YOU! IT WAS
A **DUMMY**, YOU SUNK
YOUR KNIFE INTO...
AND YOU'RE NOT
GOING TO GET
ANOTHER CHANCE
TO USE IT!



I'VE GONE
TOO FAR, TO
HAVE YOU
INTERFERE
WITH MY
PLANS!

AND HERE'S
A LITTLE SOMETHING
TO GET YOU THERE!



DR. CARSON!
I KNEW IT
WAS YOU!

HANGMAN
BLAST YOU! I JUST
PUT A KNIFE THROUGH
YOU!!



NO, CARSON, YOU
HAVEN'T GONE FAR ENOUGH!
YOUR LAST STOP IS THE
GALLOWS!!



FRANTIC WITH FEAR, DR. CARSON QUICKLY
SCAMPERS TO HIS LEFT, REACHES FOR
A STATUETTE, AND...





NOW, HANGMAN,
THE TABLES ARE
TURNED, AND...



..I'M GOING TO
SEE THEY STAY
THAT WAY!!



CONFOUND HIM! HE'S
AS TOUGH AS NAILS!
ALL RIGHT, I'LL TAKE
CARE OF HIM...



...WITH THIS
POKER!

CRASH



I'LL FINISH YOU
OFF PERMANENTLY,
HANGMAN...
AS SOON AS
I GET WHAT
I CAME
AFTER!



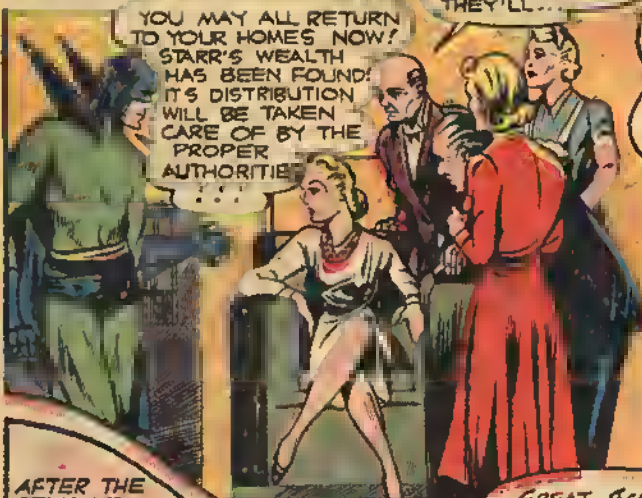
OPEN!... I'VE
OUTWITTED YOU,
SIMON STARR! YOUR
WEALTH IS MINE AT
LAST! ALL MINE!



BUT AS THE AVARICIOUS FINGERS OF DR. CARSON REACH INTO THE SAFE, THERE IS A BLINDING FLASH... A WILD SHRIEK OF PAIN FROM SEARED LIPS AND...



ELECTROCUTED!
THAT SAFE WAS WIRED WITH THOUSANDS OF VOLTS OF ELECTRICITY! I'LL GET THE REST OF THE FAMILY TOGETHER AND TELL THEM...
THE CASE IS CLOSED!



YOU MAY ALL RETURN TO YOUR HOMES NOW! STARR'S WEALTH HAS BEEN FOUND! IT'S DISTRIBUTION WILL BE TAKEN CARE OF BY THE PROPER AUTHORITIES!

BUT THE POLICE! THEY'LL...

THEY'LL NEVER COME! NOT AT LEAST UNTIL I CALL THEM! THAT PHONE CARSON USED WAS DEAD! FORTUNATELY I'D SEEN THE WIRES IN THIS HOUSE HAD BEEN CUT BEFORE THEN, AND WHEN I SAW THE DOCTOR PRETEND TO SPEAK INTO IT, I KNEW HE WAS THE MURDERER! HE HAD POISONED STARR, AND THEN TRIED TO PRONOUNCE HIM DEAD FROM HEART FAILURE. THE BUTLER WAS HIS ACCOMPLICE!



AFTER THE RELATIVES LEAVE, THE HANGMAN ONCE AGAIN BECOMES BOB DICKERING...

ONLY THING I STILL DON'T GET, THEL, IS WHY CARSON AND THE BUTLER WERE SO OBVIOUSLY DESPERATE TO GET THIS SUIT!

BOB! JUST LOOK AT THESE BUTTONS! SUCH A SLOPPY JOB OF SEWING!

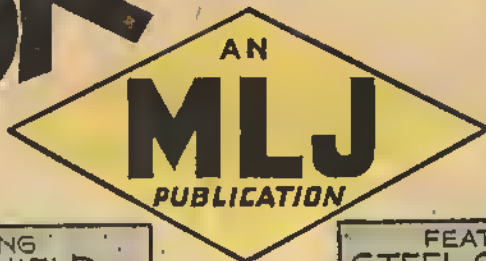
GREAT SCOTT, THEL, YOU'VE HIT ON IT! THOSE BUTTONS WERE DELIBERATELY SEWED THAT WAY!

THE THREADS REPRESENT NUMBERS! NUMBERS TO THE COMBINATION OF STARR'S SAFE! CARSON KNEW WHERE THAT SAFE WAS HIDDEN... BUT HE DIDN'T KNOW THE COMBINATION! STARR WAS AN INGENIOUS DEVIL, ALL RIGHT!



LOOK

FOR THIS TRADEMARK:



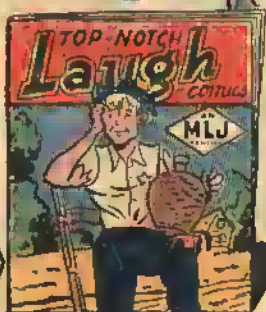
FEATURING
THE SHIELD

FEATURING
STEEL STERLING

FEATURING
THE HANGMAN

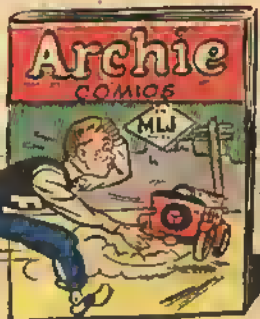


FEATURING
THE SHIELD AND
THE WIZARD



FEATURING
POKEY
OAKY

FEATURING
THE
BLACK
HOOD



FEATURING
ARCHIE
THE BIRTH OF
A NATION



BOY-BUDDIES

SPECIAL CASE No. 12

Roy and Dusty

BIFF

BAM

ONE DAY
WE FIND
ROY AND
DUSTY SIT-
TING IN THEIR
ROOM WHEN
SUDDENLY-----

WELL I'LL
BE!

SOME-
BODY THREW
A ROCK OR
SOMETHING!

CRASH!

ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN
THAT CERTAIN CHARACTER
IN THIS STORY IS PURELY
NONFICTIONAL AND DE-
LIBERATELY INTENTION-
AL!

WHAT'S GOING TO HAP-
PEN TO HIM SHOULD
HAPPEN TO A DOG----
ANYWAY OUR BOY BUD-
DIES WERE CONFRONTED
BY THEIR MOST FAN-
TASTIC ADVENTURES---
MAYBE IT HAPPENED AND
MAYBE IT DIDN'T! BUT WE
CAN DREAM, CAN'T WE?

THERE'S A PIECE OF
PAPER WRAPPED
AROUND THE ROCK! IT
SAYS, "GO TO THE OLD
WAREHOUSE ON THE
CORNER OF CHESTNUT
AND VINE STREETS
AND YOU'LL FIND
THE GREATEST SUR-
PRISE OF YOUR LIFE!"



LOOKS LIKE SOME-
BODY'S PLAYING A
JOKE ON US!

AW, COME ON,
ROY, AND LET'S
FIND OUT!

WELL THERE
IS THE WARE-
HOUSE! PERFECT
SETTING FOR A
MURDER, EH?

NOTHING IN
HERE BUT AN
OLD TRUNK!

LET'S TAKE
A LOOK AT
IT!

PUSH A LITTLE
HARDER, ROY!
WILL YOU!

THIS IS A
SURPRISE!

**WHY IT'S
HITLER!**

GLUBB!
GLUBB!

TAKE IT
EASY! DUSTY
MAYBE THIS GUY
IS A **FAKE!!**

THE MUSTACHE
IS **REAL!!**

LET'S TAKE
THE TAPE
OFF HIS
MOUTH AND
SEE WHAT **HE**
HAS TO SAY!

**LABST
MICH
HERAUS,
IHR IDIOT-
EN! TRANS-
LATION: GET
ME OUTTA
THIS JOINT.**

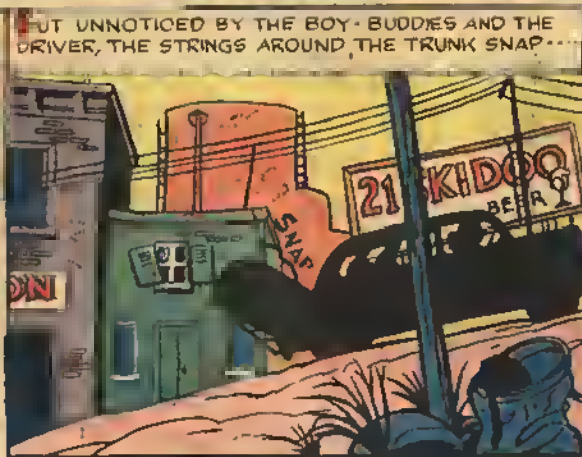
HE SOUNDS
LIKE HIM
ALL RIGHT!

SURE, SURE, PAL
JUST RELAX---
THESE PAPERS I
FOUND ON HIM.
SAY IT'S HIM
ALL
RIGHT!

AND RE-
MEMBER
THE NEWS
ON THE RADIO
LAST NIGHT
THAT HITLER WAS
UNABLE TO
MAKE A SPEECH!

LET'S GET HIM OUT OF
HERE AS FAST AS POSSIBLE!

BOY-OH-BOY
WHAT A
CATCH!





SORRY,
BUT I
THOUGHT!

YOU THOUGHT!
NOW THIS TIME
I'LL TIE IT ON!



THANKS, BOYS,
S'LONG! DON'T
TAKE ANY WOODEN
NICKELS! HAW,
HAW, HAW!



NOW WHAT ARE
WE GOIN TO DO
WITH HIM? WHAT-
EVER IT IS
IT'LL BE TOO
GOOD!

PUT HIM
DOWN HERE,
AND UNTIE
HIM! HE MUST
HAVE HAD A
BOUNCING
RIDE!



IHR LUMMEL
LASST MICH
SOFORT LOS!
TRANSLATION
DOPE! I
WANNA GO
HOME!

SHUT UP!
AND LET ME
THINK, WILL
YA?

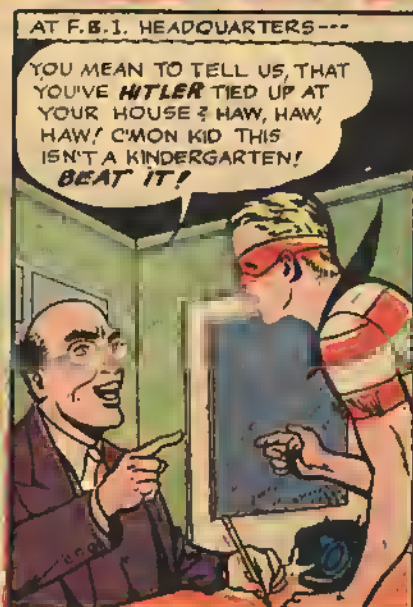


THAT
SETTLES
IT! WE HAVE
THE REAL
MECCOY, I BETCHA!

--- SENSATIONAL
NEWS REPORTS
FROM GERMANY,
STATE THAT HITLER'S
WHERE-ABOUTS
ARE UNKNOWN!
HIS PERSONAL---



WATCH OUT FOR
SCHICKLGRUBER,
WHILE I INFORM
THE AUTHORITIES!
BOY, WILL THEY
BE SURPRISED!



AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS---

YOU MEAN TO TELL US, THAT
YOU'VE **HITLER** TIED UP AT
YOUR HOUSE? HAW, HAW,
HAW! C'MON KID THIS
ISN'T A KINDERGARTEN!
BEAT IT!



THAT'S IT!
A NEWSPAPER
OUGHT TO BE
INTERESTED IN
THIS! THIS **IS**
NEWS, ISN'T IT?



DIESE LAUGE JUNGEN HABEN
VOR, MICH DEM POBEL AUSZU
LIEFERN AUßER ICH WERDE
SIE ENTTAUSCHEN ----
ENGLISH TRANSLATION: I'LL
SCRAM!



HEY! COME BACK!
WHY YOU @#\$!?!?



IN A MAD DASH, THE DISGUISED
HITLER DISAPPEARS INTO THE
FROLICKING CROWDS AT A NEAR-
BY AMUSEMENT PARK ----



YEAH, BUT
WHICH ONE IS IT?
THEY ALL LOOK
ALIKE FROM
THE BACK!

HE'LL
SOON FIND
OUT! IF MY
TRICK WORKS!



HEIL
HITLER!



HEIL!

THAT'S
HIM!



---AND AGAIN HITLER ELUDES
HIS RELENTLESS PURSUERS---



STAGED



INSIDE THE THEATER, IT IS
AMATEUR NIGHT!

AND NOW INCHY WINCHY
CRINCHY DOGFOOD, PRE-
SENTS AS ITS NEXT CON-
TESTANT, JOE GLUBB,
IMPERSONATOR OF
FAMOUS PEOPLE--



IT SEEMS
I ARRIVED JUST
IN TIME FOR A
POLITICAL MEETING!
NOW'S MY CHANCE
TO MAKE A SPEECH!

AMONG HIS IM-
PERSONATIONS
IS--- WE'LL SEE
FOR YOURSELF!

HBIL!

PHZZZZ



PRETTY
GOOD,
EH?

AMERIKANER VOLKS-
GENOSSEN ICH BIN
HEUTE ABEND----



BUT HIS VERY CRITICAL AUDIENCE
DOES NOT SEEM TO APPRECIATE
HIS PERFORMANCE! THEY THINK
HE IS NO GOOD AND MAKE NO BONES
ABOUT IT!



GO BACK TO
HAMBURG YOU HAMI!

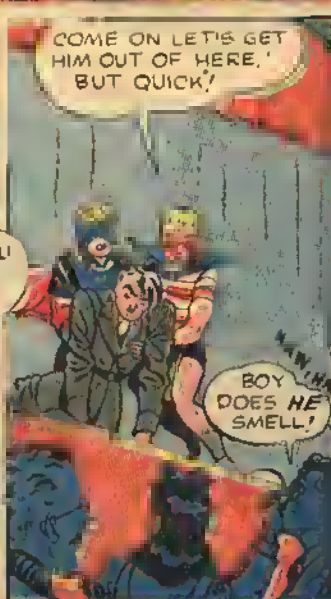
THROW DA BUM
OUT!



THERE HE IS.
DUSTY, AND IS
HE GETTING IT!
LOOKAT THAT
MOB!

ARE YOU
KIDDIN,
ROY?

COME ON LET'S GET
HIM OUT OF HERE,
BUT QUICK!



BOY
DOES HE
SMELL!

AFTER THE BOY BUDDIES DRAGGED HIM OUT OF THE THEATER ----

THAT'S FOR BEING A LOUSY ACTOR!

AND THAT'S FOR RUNNING AWAY!

DUSTY, THERE'S OUR CHANCE TO GET RID OF HIM, ONCE AND FOR ALL ---- WE'LL FLY HIM BACK TO GERMANY!

HURRY UP BEFORE HE COMES TO, AND BEFORE THE OWNER OF THIS PLANE COMES BACK!

WO BIN ICH?

YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY BACK, WHERE YOU CAME FROM!

HOURS LATER THE PLANE REACHES THE COAST OF FRANCE ----

NOW YOU'LL PUT ON THIS PARACHUTE AND JUMP! VERSTAIST?

OUT YOU GO! HEIL HEEL!

HEY! DUSTY, YOU MADE A MISTAKE! YOU GAVE HIM THE **KNAPSACK** INSTEAD OF THE PARACHUTE!

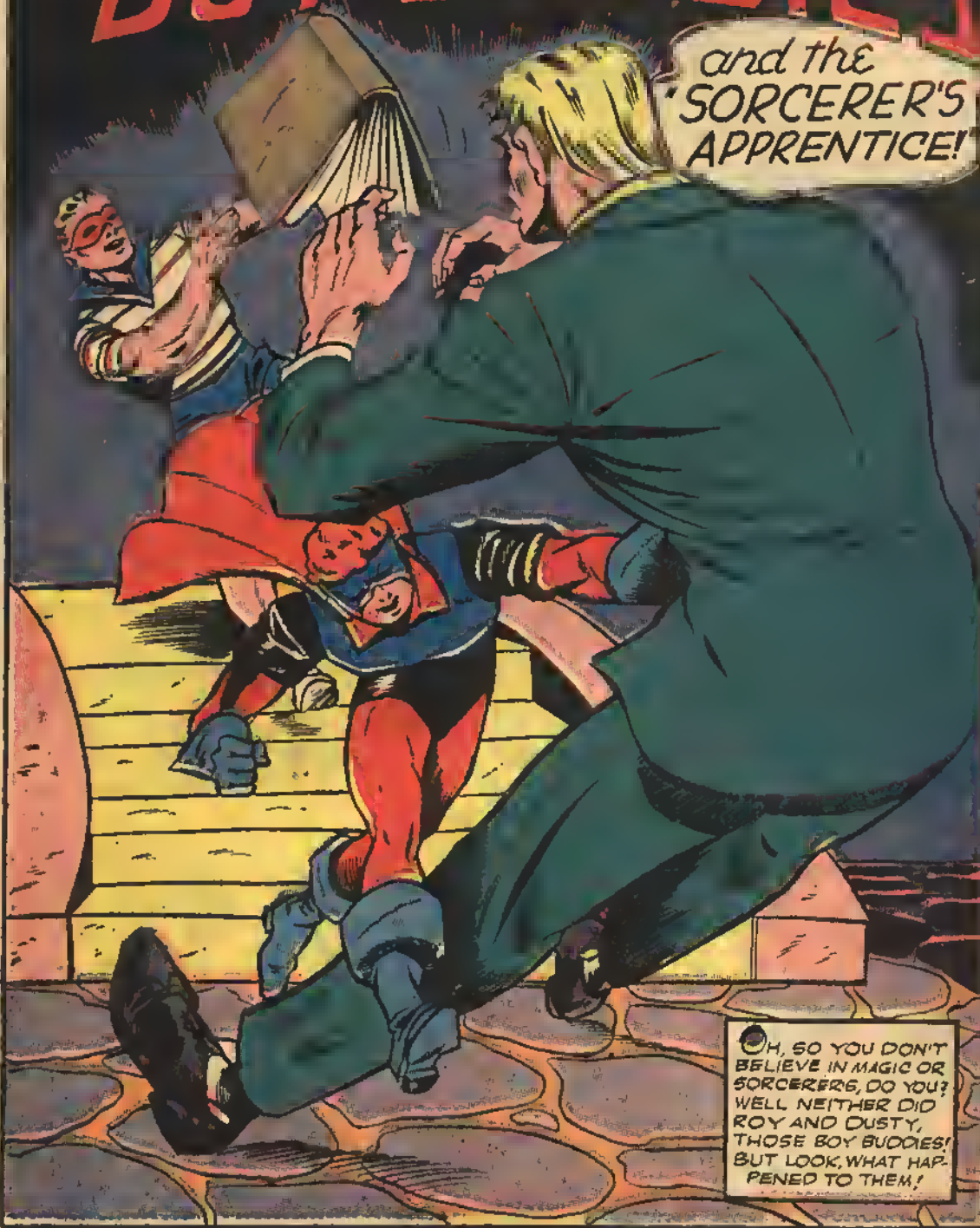
WELL DEAR READER WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE WITH HIM? ---- SEND US YOUR SUGGESTIONS AND WE'LL GIVE YOU A PRIZE FOR THE MOST ORIGINAL ANSWERS! SO WRITE TO US: BOY BUDDIES, 160 WEST BROADWAY, RM 515 N. Y. C.!

THE END --- OF HIM, WE HOPE!

THE

BOY BUDDIES

and the
SORCERER'S
APPRENTICE!



OH, SO YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN MAGIC OR SORCERERS, DO YOU? WELL, NEITHER DID ROY AND DUSTY, THOSE BOY BUDDIES! BUT LOOK, WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM!

NO!

ARMY
RECRUITING
STATION



NAVY
RECRUITING
OFFICE



SORRY!

MARINE
RECRUITING
POST



DOGGONE IT! I MUST
BE GOOD FOR SOMETHING
CAN'T I DO ANYTHING FOR
MY COUNTRY?

DONATE
YOUR
BLOOD
FOR THE
ARMED
FORCES!

AH! THERE'S
SOMETHING I
CAN DO!



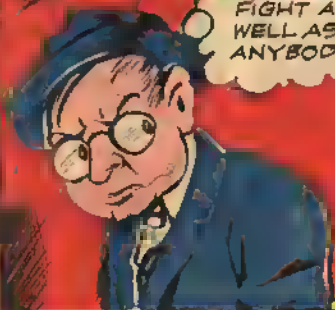
I'M SORRY, MR. STRONG,
BUT ALL OUR TESTS FAIL TO
REVEAL THE SLIGHTEST BIT
OF BLOOD WHICH YOU
COULD GIVE!



THEY WON'T LET ME
JOIN THE ARMY OR THE
NAVY OR THE MARINES!
AND NOW THEY TRY TO
TELL ME I HAVEN'T EVE
GOT ANY BLOOD!

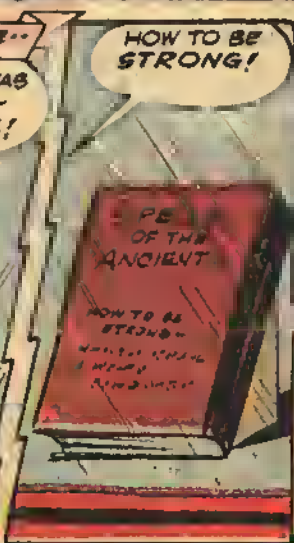
IT'S A
CONSPIRACY!

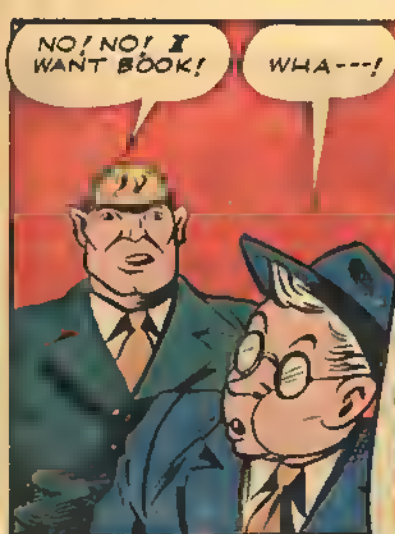
I'LL SHOW
'EM I CAN
FIGHT AS
WELL AS
ANYBODY!



YAAAAA!







NOW!

GULP!

LOOK!

GOOD HEAVENS!

WHY - WHAT'S THE
MATTER? WHY ARE YOU
LOOKING AT ME LIKE
THAT?

WHY? YOU'RE
TURNING INTO
A DOG!

A DOG? WOOF!
WHY THAT'S IM-
POSSIBLE! WOOF,
WOOF!

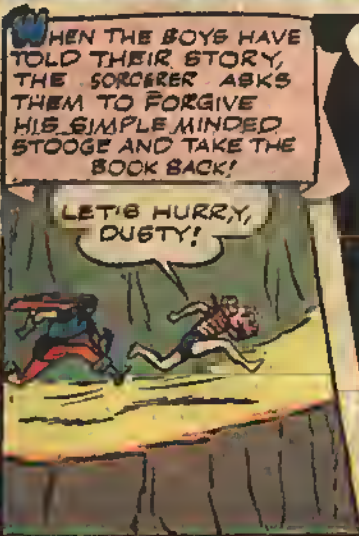
WOOF!
WOOF!

QUICK! GET THE BOOK!
MAYBE WE CAN CHANGE
HIM BACK!

YES! YES!
THE BOOK!

THE BOOK! ---
WELL I'LL BE --
IT'S GONE!





QUICKLY THE BOY BUD-
DIES RUN TO THE LANDLADY--

WHAT? THE DOG? WHY,
I GAVE HIM TO THE ARMY!
YOU KNOW, THE WAGS!
I CAN'T HAVE DOGS
IN MY HOUSE!

THANKS!

HURRY, ROY! WE
MAY STILL BE
IN TIME!

THERE
HE IS!

U.S. ARMY P

YOU SLIP OVER
AND TALK TO HIM!
I'LL WAIT HERE!

O.K.!

HELLO THERE!
HOW DID YOU MAKE
OUT WITH THE
BOOK?

OH, THE SORCERER!
WELL, DUSTY'S IN
THERE NOW, STRONG'S
LANDLADY GAVE HIM
TO THE WAGS!

HERE HE COMES
NOW!

U.S. ARMY

WELL YOU MIGHT
AS WELL GIVE THE
SORCERER THE
BOOK!

WHAT?
WHY?

WELL, STRONG SAYS NOW THAT
HE'S FINALLY IN THE ARMY HE'S
GONNA STAY IN, EVEN IF HE
HAS TO REMAIN A DOG
TO DO IT!

INSTRUCTIONS FOR MAKING THE "SILENT BIRDMAN"

HERE'S A SIMPLE LITTLE OUTDOOR GLIDER THAT ANYBODY CAN BUILD IN A FEW HOURS! ALL THAT IS NEEDED IS A RAZOR, SMOOTH SANDPAPER, AND BALSA WOOD OF THE MEASUREMENTS CALLED FOR ON THE PLAN!

THE FIRST STEP IS TO TRACE THE TOP VIEW OF THE WINGS ON A SHEET OF BALSA WOOD $\frac{1}{8}$ " THICK! SINCE THE WINGS ARE MADE IN HALVES, CUT ONE WING PANEL AT A TIME! SAND THE TOP SURFACES OF THE WINGS SO THAT THEIR PROFILE IS LIKE THAT OF THE WING SECTION! (SEE DRAWING) THE CURVE OF THE WING MUST BE UNIFORM THROUGHOUT!

THE TAIL AND RUDDER ARE CUT TO SHAPE FROM $\frac{1}{16}$ " THICKNESS SHEET BALSA! FRONT AND REAR EDGES ARE TAPERED FOR STREAMLINING!

THE FUSELAGE IS CARVED FROM A STRIP OF HARD BALSA MEASURING $\frac{1}{4}$ " THICK, $\frac{1}{2}$ " DEEP AND 11" LONG! TRIM TO THE

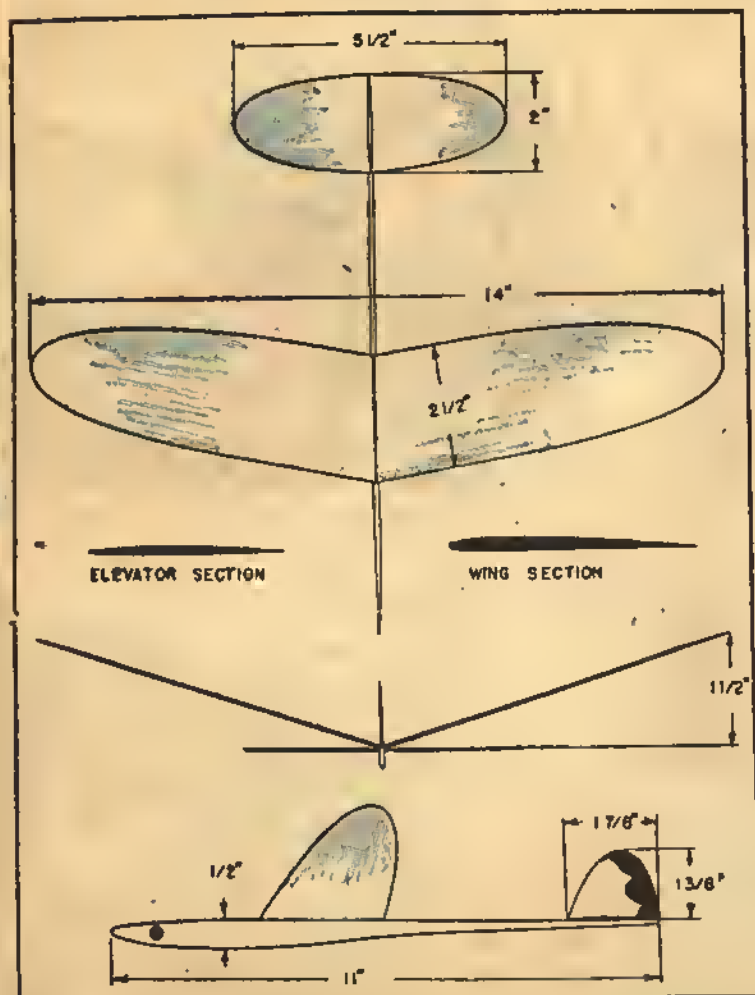
SHAPE SHOWN AND SAND SMOOTHLY!

ASSEMBLE THE MODEL BY GLUING THE WINGS IN THE POSITION SHOWN AND RAISING EACH WING TIP TO A HEIGHT OF $1\frac{1}{2}$ "! PLACE BLOCKS UNDER THE EXTREME TIPS TO HOLD GLUED WINGS IN POSITION UNTIL GLUE HARDENS! PLACE A COAT OF GLUE DIRECTLY OVER THE JOINING WINGS!

WHEN THE WINGS HAVE HARDENED INTO POSITION, ATTACH THE TAIL PARTS WITH THE RUDDER AFTER THE HORIZONTAL TAIL HAS DRIED IN PLACE!

TO FLY OUTDOORS, ADD SOME SOFT CLAY TO THE NOSE AROUND THE POSITION MARKED WITH A CIRCLE AS SHOWN ON THE PLANS.

ADD OR DETRACT AMOUNT OF CLAY IN ORDER TO MAKE MODEL FLY IN A NICE LONG EVEN GLIDE!



the HANGMANS

HERMANN
GOERING



GERMAN PEOPLE, I
PROMISE YOU,
NO ALLIED BOMBS
WILL EVER DROP
ON GERMANY
!!

LIES

LIES

LIES

LIES

LIES

LIES

LIES

LIES

✠ 1942 ✠

✠ 1940 ✠

✠ 1938 ✠

✠ 1935 ✠

✠ 1930 ✠

✠ 1927 ✠

✠ 1925 ✠

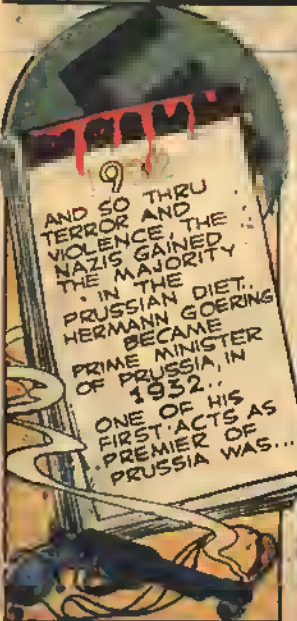
✠ 1921 ✠

THE YEAR OF 1921, THE PLACE
A MUNICH BEER CELLAR
HITLER
WHERE WE FIND
SURROUNDED BY HIS HENCH-
MEN... AMONG THEM, THE
MAN, GOERING...

YOU OFTEN WONDER WHAT MAKES
A NAZI THAT WAY... *IT'S* HALL OF
SHAME HAS DECIDED TO SHOW YOU
A FEW HIGHLIGHTS IN THE CAREER
OF A MAN, OR RATHER A HUMAN
MONSTER, **HERMANN GOERING**,
HITLER'S HENCHMAN, NUMBER
ONE MAN.. A MAN WHO WORSHIPS
TERROR, VIOLENCE AND DEATH, THE
MAN OF A THOUSAND LIES.. A MAN
FIT FOR A PLACE OF **DISHONOR**
IN HANGMAN'S HALL OF SHAME..

ALFRED REINHARDT

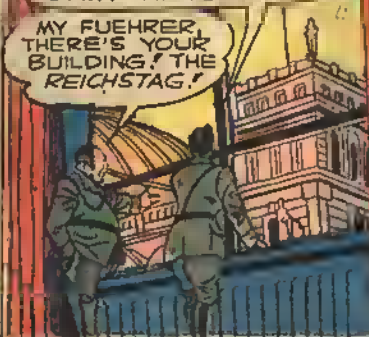




IN 1933 HITLER WAS
APPOINTED CHANCELLOR...

HERMANN, YOU KNOW VERY
WELL WE WOULDN'T GET
50 PERCENT OF ALL THE
VOTES UNLESS WE DO
SOMETHING SPECTACULAR
I GOT IT! WE'LL BURN
SOME IMPORTANT BUILDING,
AND BLAME IT ON THE
COMMUNISTS!.

MY FUEHRER
THERE'S YOUR
BUILDING! THE
REICHSTAG!



WE HAD THIS
TUNNEL BUILT
IN UTMOST
SECRECY. IT
LEADS DIRECTLY
TO THE REICHSTAG
BUILDING!



THE SAME NIGHT...

THAT'S A
SPLENDID IDEA,
HERMANN!



MACH SCHNELL!
AND REMEMBER
TO KEEP QUIET
ABOUT IT!.

THE REICHSTAG-FIRE WAS BLAMED ON THE
COMMUNISTS BY THE PROPAGANDA MACHINE,
AND BROUGHT HITLER THE MAJORITY BY A
VERY SMALL MARGIN OF 52 PERCENT OF
ALL VOTES....



FOR AN EXCELLENT JOB
HERR GOERING, I GIVE
YOU THE SPECIAL DECORATION
OF THE THIRD REICH!



1935

AFTER HITLER
APPOINTED GOERING
AS HIS AIR MAR-
SHAL, GOERING
BUILT THE
INFAMOUS LUFT
WAFFE.. THE
GERMAN DIVE
BOMBER, THE
TERRIBLE
STUKA, WAS HIS
PET...

1934
1935
1936

1939

THE YEAR OF THE BLITZKRIEG THE YEAR WHEN HITLER INVADED THE SAME COUNTRIES. HE HAD ONLY FEW MONTHS BEFORE PROMISED NEUTRALITY, WHEN GOERING KILLED THOUSANDS OF INNOCENT PEOPLE AND IN THE RUTHLESS AND DISCRIMINATE BOMBING OF FLEEING REFUGEES AND OPEN CITIES. THERE WAS THE CITY OF ROTTERDAM...

HOLLAND HAD ALREADY SURRENDERED... THE SIGNING OF THESE PAPERS WILL STOP ALL FIGHTING BETWEEN OUR TWO COUNTRIES

BUT HOURS LATER IN THE CITY OF ROTTERDAM...

LOOK, HENDRICK GERMAN PLANES! I WONDER WHAT THEY'RE UP TO!

MURDERERS, WE SHALL PAY YOU BACK SOME DAY YOU BARBARIANS!

WITHIN FEW MINUTES THE CITY WAS IN RUINS. WHILE BLOCKS WERE COMPLETELY RAZED, MORE THAN 30,000 PEOPLE MAIMED AND KILLED.

IN THE NAME OF THE NETHERLANDS MEIN HERR, I ACCUSE YOU OF BREAKING YOUR PROMISE!! I'M SORRY, BUT THE BOMBERS TOO OFF BEFORE WE SIGNED THE PAPERS, AND I COULDN'T CALL THEM

BUT THE CRIME AGAINST
ROTTERDAM WAS NOT
THE ONLY ONE...
THERE WAS THE WAN-
TON AND RUTHLESS
BOMBINGS OF WARSAW
LONDON, CANTERBURY,
BELGRADE AND
COVENTRY. COVENTRY
WHICH WAS TO GIVE
THE WORLD A NEW
WORD FOR EXTER-
MINATING A CITY!
BUT GOERING
MADE A BLUNDER.
HE DID NOT COUNT
ON THE
A.F.

WARSAW
BELGRADE
LONDON

CANTERBURY
COVENTRY
ATHENS

WHEN THE R.A.F. GAVE BERLIN A TASTE OF
ITS OWN MEDICINE, THE NAZI BIG SHOTS
LEFT TOWN, FOR A HEALTHIER CLIMATE...



I SHALL LEAVE
FOR THE EASTERN
FRONT, IMMEDIATELY.
HEIL HITLER!!

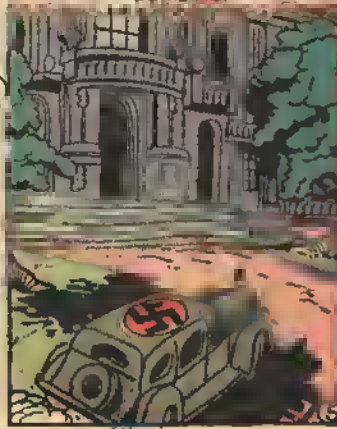


CHAUFFEUR, TURN
AROUND, DRIVE
TO MY HOME,
"KARIN-HALL".



JAWOHL,
HERR
GOERING!

GOERING ARRIVES AT HIS
"UNPRETENTIOUS" HOME TO
SEEK REFUGE FROM THE
BOMBING.





IT LOOKS
BAD, THERE'S
NO USE,
DECEIVING
MYSELF, WHAT
SHALL I DO?



I GOT IT!

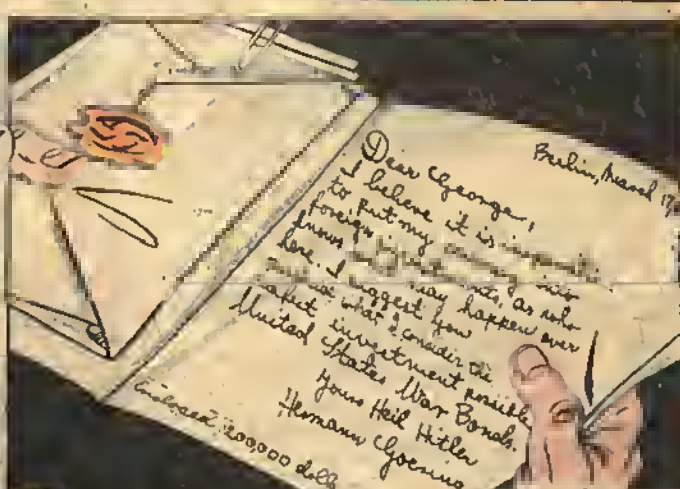


I HOPE NOBODY
FINDS OUT!



DO YOU
HAVE A LETTER
ADDRESSED
TO, GEORGE
JONES, GENERAL
DELIVERY?

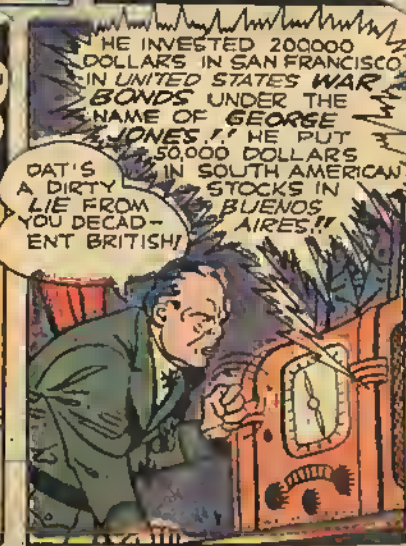
YES, SIR!
WE HAVE
ONE!



Dear George,
I believe it is important
to put my own interests
first. I suggest you
invest in United States
War Bonds.
Yours
Hermann Goering

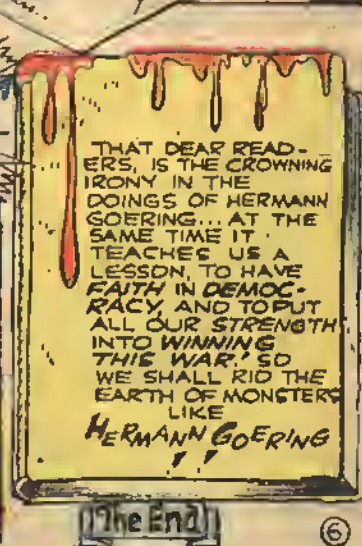


GERMAN PEOPLE!!
WHILE YOU GO HUNGRY,
YOUR FAT FRIEND HERMANN
GOERING HAS PUT HIS
MONEY IN A VERY SAFE
PLACE, JUST IN CASE!



THAT'S
A DIRTY
LIE FROM
YOU DECAD-
ENT BRITISH!

HE INVESTED 200,000
DOLLARS IN SAN FRANCISCO
IN UNITED STATES WAR
BONDS UNDER THE
NAME OF GEORGE
JONES!! HE PUT
50,000 DOLLARS
IN SOUTH AMERICAN
STOCKS IN
BUENOS
AIRES!!



THAT DEAR READ-
ERS, IS THE CROWNING
IRONY IN THE
DOINGS OF HERMANN
GOERING... AT THE
SAME TIME IT
TEACHES US A
LESSON, TO HAVE
FAITH IN DEMOC-
RACY, AND TO PUT
ALL OUR STRENGTH
INTO WINNING
THIS WAR, SO
WE SHALL RID THE
EARTH OF MONSTERS
LIKE
HERMANN GOERING

The End